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## —and Everybody Else Seemed Speechless!

HE looked around the table. To think that he had been afraid! To think that he had hesitated about coming to this dinner-party! Among all these important and cultivated people, he alone could speak easily and with calm assurance of literature, history, philosophy, art.

These others—they seemed speechless! They all turned to him with questions, amazed at his great fund of information, paying him the compliment of absolute attention.

At first they had hardly noticed him at all. He had seemed so quiet and unassuming, even a little timid in this fashionable and well-bred company. But then conversation began to lag. Not even the latest murder trial could revive it. There was an awkward pause. No one seemed to know what to say.

"I wonder if capital punishment will ever be abolished," someone ventured.

"More than a generation ago," said the quiet guest whom nobody had noticed, "Victor Hugo predicted the end of legalized murder. He said the dawn of the twentieth century would see the end of hangings. His prediction hasn't come true yet."

### Why They Began to Notice Him

Everyone turned to look at him. He spoke so quietly, so confidently. He saw that they were interested, and he continued to speak. He knew what to say, and he said it with the assurance and ease of one whose mind is simply stored with information.

And suddenly he realized that he was being noticed, admired, envied even by these people among whom he had expected to feel out of place. He saw now how valuable it is to have a well-furnished mind. He was the best-informed man at this dinner! The others spoke in vague generalities and deferred to him because he had facts. They hesitated, weren't sure of themselves; he could talk readily and authoritatively on almost any subject.

He answered them all their eager questions. He quoted from Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw. He spoke of Rossetti and Keats. He repeated fragments from the writings of Tolstoy and Robert Ingersoll. They listened fascinated. Everybody else seemed speechless! This man seemed to know about *everything*.

### How Did He Acquire His Great Store of Information?

"How do you ever get the time to read so much?" someone asked him at last.

"I really read very little," he answered with a smile. "Every now and then I browse a bit in Elbert Hubbard's famous Scrap Book. It's a digest of the best thoughts and ideas of the last four thousand years, and it gives you all the information you want in a few words—without wading through great, ponderous volumes. Hubbard used this same Scrap Book to inspire him in his work—in his writing and speaking.

Every time I open it my own pulse is set to beating."

"But can anyone own this remarkable Scrap Book?"

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And—just as it made this man such a wonderful talker, it will add to the mental calibers of anyone who reads it, even occasionally!

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### The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

is a fine example of Roycroft bookmaking. The type is set in a classic style—that is, a page within a page—and printed in two colors on high-grade tinted book paper. It is bound in Scrap Book style and tied with linen tape. The covers reproduce the binding of Elbert Hubbard's famous magazine, "The Philistine."

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Hilbert  
Dickens  
Lange  
Aristotle  
Gautier  
Franklin D. Roosevelt  
Benjamin Franklin  
John Ruskin  
Confucius  
Madama de Staël

# ~but only Arthur could draw forth the sword

"He leaped from his horse,  
seized the hilt, and instantly  
drew forth the sword as  
easily as from a scabbard"

(Illustration from *Frontispiece* in color  
by Walter Crane to the *Junior Classics*)

**W**HERE is the child who is not spellbound by the marvelous tales of King Arthur's Round Table? What boy or girl is not thrilled by history's true stories of heroism?

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# What I Think of Pelmanism

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

**P**ELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a GREAT driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction.

Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that PREVENTABLE inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress.

Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were PELMANIZING in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: First, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual.

By FAILURE I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into barnyard for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the backwater and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults.

First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student DISCOVER himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is EXERCISE, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.

The human mind is NOT an automatic device.

It will NOT "take care of itself."

Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results.

Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise.

I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and eye-tasks that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense.

What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unit.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.



Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

**NOTE:** As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well-rounded lives. 550,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for YOU.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them.

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"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

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By THOMAS F. LEE



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**A MEXICAN CABALLERO IN CHARRO COSTUME**  
Observe the beautiful hand-carved leather saddle. This is one of the most cherished luxuries of the Mexican caballero (horseman). When elaborately carved and trimmed with leather Mexican saddles run in price from \$500 to \$1,000

**F**OR the past twenty years Mr. Lee has been in close contact with the Mexican people and has visited even the remote sections of that republic. During that time it has been his task to study the civilization and to know something of the race origin, ideals, culture, institutions and political problems. The following article is based not only on past experience but also on observations made during a recent visit to Mexico.





*From a photograph by the author*

**GENERAL PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES (KEI-YES), PRESIDENT OF MEXICO**

The origin of President Calles is unknown. He came first to notice at the age of fourteen when he was registered in the public schools of Hermosillo as the adopted son of Miss Manela Calles. After leaving school he led a checkered career for a number of years, including ownership and management of a hotel, military service and various political activities. He was elected President of Mexico in 1924 and was inaugurated on December 1st of that year.

APRIL, 1926



From a photograph by the author

SCENIC  
MEXICO

Popocatepetl, the splendid volcano to the southeast of Mexico City. This picture was taken from Amecameca

## The MEXICO of To-day

Its Race Heritage and Its Political, Economic and Social Systems

ON THE map Mexico looks like a horn of plenty with its mouth opening to the Rio Grande. Into the curve of the horn, on the east, fits the Gulf of Mexico. To the south and west is Guatemala and the Pacific.

Bulging up from its center and running through it from north to south is a broken plateau from one to eighteen thousand feet in height—a mountain or desert table, ninety-five per cent of which cannot be cultivated. This plateau covers by far the greater part of Mexico.

Between the walls of this table and the Pacific is a narrow bench of alluvial land. A much wider strip lies between the plateau walls and the Gulf.

Economically the horn of plenty as a sym-

By THOMAS F. LEE

bol of Mexico is misleading.

Through her history, Mexico's allowed this myth to gain popular credence. It is rich in mineral products—gold, silver, copper and oil—but great mineral wealth which can be exploited only by large capital has generally demoralized rather than given prosperity to poor and bankrupt nations.

I seldom speak of Mexico but someone echoes: "It's a very rich country, isn't it?"

The trouble and futility of explanation has allowed this myth to gain popular credence. It is rich in mineral products—gold, silver, copper and oil—but great mineral wealth which can be exploited only by large capital has generally demoralized rather than given prosperity to poor and bankrupt nations.



By Arthur Holmes, from *Living Culture*

#### PICTURESQUE OLD MEXICO

A peaceful scene by the crumbling gateway at Amecameca, near the Pyramid of the Sun

Mexico's area is more than 700,000 square miles. Scarcely five per cent of that—an area not so large as Ohio—is arable and potentially productive. The ninety-five per cent is made up of desert, mountains and hot, unhealthy lowlands in which ordinary farming operations may not be successfully carried on without great capital. It is true that Mexico boasts some of the richest and most productive areas in the world, but

these are restricted as above stated.

Mexico is not a unified nation; it is a collection of loosely connected communities, each with its own separate customs, folkways and life. More

than twenty-six different languages or dialects are spoken in the republic by as many different tribes, each of which refers to its own little valley or locality as "*mi tierra*" (my country)—if they speak Spanish. The rest of Mexico is as foreign to them as Canada is to us.

These "*comunidades*," or communities, belong to various tribes and are worked in common for the general good. Sometimes great *haciendas* (plantations) lap over these Indian communities, but since the proprietor has far more land than he can use and since he needs labor the community life is seldom disturbed. Attempts have been made by certain administrations to buy or subdivide these communities, but the effect upon the Indian and his folk-ways has been non-appreciable. He has gone on cultivating his little *milpa* of corn and living as before. Four hundred years of domination by a handful of Spaniards and a larger group of half-breeds has done little to change the Indian. He is still a pagan barbarian who, even after years of Catholicism, still worships his ancient gods.



From a photograph by the author

#### TYPICAL INDIAN OF THE HIGHLANDS

Dressed in cotton shirt and drawers, wide-brimmed sombrero and serape folded across the shoulders

Mexico is an Indian country. Most people think of it as Spanish—thereby getting a first false impression, which helps them on the way to a final false conclusion.

In Mexico to-day an estimate of two per cent of the population would greatly exaggerate the number of white people or men of superior race types. Thirty-five per cent of the population would likewise be an exaggerated estimate of the number of half-breeds, or *mestizos*—those in whom some white blood dilutes the Indian strain. The remaining sixty-three per cent is an inert, illiterate Indian mass not at all concerned with politics, education or progress. It is a mass that is solely interested in procuring the bare means of existence for the day and hour, and in warding off evil or inviting good by placating some particular demon or by worshipping or flattering some particular saint. This is not done with much thought of the hereafter but solely to avoid disaster in the present.

During the three hundred years of Spanish rule the country was cut up into enormous grants which were parceled out to favorites of the crown. These grants in turn were subdivided into great holdings called *haciendas* and became the property of henchmen of the favorites. Upon each of such tracts there were generally large numbers of Indians who "went with the land." They became serfs or peons who looked to the master or patron for the petty needs of their sordid lives. These Indians, in addition to producing food for their own livelihood, in the aggregate produced a considerable surplus which helped to enrich the *haciendado*, or landowner, and supply Mexico's general needs.

Like the feudal system of old, these serfs or peons were called upon to fight for the master—to defend his possessions or to make war upon others. The primitive government really revolved about these feudal lords. Of course in each great section of the country there would develop one man stronger than the rest who came to be the powerful *cacique*, or headman, of that section. These conditions apply to-day.

The Indian, therefore, never thinks of the government or, above that, of the "president"—he thinks only of his own patron or master and fights for him.

An army in those days and in fact to the present time is not an organization of so many brigades—it is still, in large measure, a group of *caciques* with their henchmen, peons and Indians. One of the greatest problems of the Mexican "president" always has been to provide sufficient loot or income to keep these *caciques*, or generals, from turning against him and starting another revolution.

In the great mass of the people—in seventy-five per cent of them—there is no national consciousness, there is no patriotism, as we understand it. The common soldier never fights for a principle—always does he give himself for some person, usually the petty official closest to him.



From a photograph by the author

**MEXICAN  
PEON**

Dressed in serape,  
sombrero and sandals



**TYPES OF MEXICAN PEON POPULATION, OAXACA, MEXICO**



**PORFIRIO DIAZ**

Former president of Mexico. A strong, resourceful master for nearly thirty years, ending in 1909



**FRANCISCO MADERO**

President of Mexico until 1913. It was the revolution started by Madero that sent Diaz into exile



**VENUSTIANO CARRANZA**

President of Mexico 1915-1920, sponsored during his ascendancy and term of office by Woodrow Wilson

Let us glance at the historical background:

There was as much difference between the Spanish Conquistadores as there was between the various tribes which they conquered. Basque, Castillian and Andalusian were as different from each other as were the warlike Yaquis, the Tarascans or the peaceful Mayas. Just as there was a strong African element (Berber) in the Spaniard, so there was a strong Asiatic element

in many of the conquered Indian tribes, notably the Tarascans, whose features and language clearly indicate Oriental origin.

The Aztecs and Mayas boasted cities, dynasties, armies and picture writing. The Spaniards subdued them with ridiculous ease and then took the conquered women as mates. The resulting half-caste race was therefore of curious origin, its root leading back into the patios of Spain, the



Kodak & Barbot

**VOTING FOR PRESIDENT IN MEXICO CITY**

This picture shows the scene of the voting in the lower wards of the city during the presidential election





© Amer. Press Assn.

#### VICTORIANO HUERTA AND HIS CABINET

From a photograph taken early in his term of office as president of Mexico, 1913-1915

huts of North Africa, into China perhaps, and into varied race elements in Mexico itself. Withal, the percentage of whites has always been very small. Upon this curious mixture of races Spain imposed a religion with the Church as the center of colonial life, a political system in which the people had no voice, laws or language.

Spain exploited these colonies for 300 years, but freedom came to them during Spain's embarrassment following the Napoleonic Wars. During this struggle most of the white race of that day were exterminated, so that the Mexican republic began with a few whites, a larger group of half-breeds and a great Indian mass with no thought or conception of freedom or national life or political procedure. The inevitable followed:

The strongest man, the *cacique* Iturbide, became first ruler. He was overthrown and executed within three years, and thereafter, for a score of years, Mexican history was a succession of dictatorships followed by chaos and anarchy; but always with Santa Ana, that sinister *cacique*, dominating the background.

In 1839 Benito Juarez, a half-breed Indian, started the liberal movement. He was to be the redeemer of the Indians. He was against the Church and the money classes, but in spite of the veneration in which Juarez is held in Mexico to this day he brought the republic to the verge of ruin. Mexico, bankrupt, was pounced upon by France, England and Spain. The last two withdrew at the final moment but France went in, and in time Maximilian ruled the land of Montezuma.

Our own Civil War over, Washington brought

diplomatic pressure to bear against French occupation. Juarez proclaimed himself dictator. The French withdrew their support, and Maximilian was captured by the Mexican revolutionists and executed on the Hill of the Bells.

Then came Diaz out of Oaxaca.

This half-breed Indian who was to play such a dramatic rôle in his country's affairs was born in 1830 and brought up in poverty. Stern and gloomy, he had the courage of the Spaniard and the subtle traits of the Indian. He ruled from 1876 to 1880 and from 1884 to 1909.

When he came into power the country was disorganized and divided among a number of *caciques*. Credit was nil; civilization itself was



P. & A.

#### EX-PRESIDENT OBREGON AND FAMILY

This picture was taken following a strenuous military campaign during which the warrior president of Mexico successfully upheld his government



By Burton Holmes, from *Evening Gleanings*

#### SCENE IN ZACAMIXTLE, A MEXICAN OIL TOWN

at low ebb. Diaz was not a dreamer. He thought concretely. He pondered carefully and acted quickly. His motto was: "Little politics and much administration." He knew his people; the composite mind of that great Indian mass was open to him. He knew their wants and supplied them in measure. He understood the vanity and ambition of the *cacique* and either destroyed him or pressed him into his own service.

The Diaz administration is probably the most remarkable example of enforced peace, use of capital in the development of material riches and beneficent administration that the Western Hemisphere has seen. He built port works, irrigation projects, magnificent public buildings, railways and power plants. Working with a little handful of whites and a few brilliant half-breeds he gave his country high credit and commanded for it the world's respect. Under him education, art and letters flourished and the great Indian mass had food, clothing and shelter bought with their own effort. With sound money, a notable finance minister and foreign capital he built a practical republic, a quiet and peaceful state.

Diaz united the scattered communities of his nation politically but not actually. With money or reward he compelled the loyalty of those who secretly planned revolt. He could make them respect *him*, recognize *him*, but *he could not compel them to recognize each other*. He gave his

people wealth and peace, but as he grew old there were those who dared to think of usurping his place. Madero, a spiritualist and idealist, sought to free the Indian from peonage and economic and political ills by spreading over them the cult of democracy, forgetting that democracy implies an intelligent proletariat capable of thought, decision and the ability to select.

Porfirio Diaz left a national credit and a treasury bulging with millions of surplus pesos. Madero, the idealist, provided a government marked by weakness, incompetency and an unprecedented orgy of graft and corruption before he was assassinated and removed from the arena.

Then followed the fighting General Huerta, endeavoring to reestablish Diaz autocracy; after him, Carranza, sponsored by President Woodrow Wilson, and really a tool of the radical party; then Obregon, and now Calles, both of the last named advanced radicals.

On all sides to-day we hear the question: "What's the matter with Mexico?"

The answer is simple to those who are familiar with Mexican history, customs, culture and psychology—it is difficult for those who try to measure Aztec Indian psychology with a New England yardstick. To understand, one must throw aside standards from which we are accustomed to form conclusions. We must change our conception of government, political systems,

social customs, civilization and culture and most of our inherited ideals. Take these facts, and with them build your new picture:

Mexico is an Indian country and the traditions of her masses come down from Toltec and Aztec sources.

About a third of her people are half-breeds—*mestizos*—descendants of Indian and white. Only two men in one hundred are of the white race. Blended in with Indian and white is a liberal admixture of Asiatic and African blood.

The Mexican people do not think as we think. They do not react to a given set of circumstances as we would react to them. We never reach right conclusions when we try to judge them by our own standards; hence:

The conclusions of our government officials and private individuals are often wrong. This accounts for the continuous state of irritation that exists in our Latin American relationships.

The Mexican constitution calls for regular elections and democratic government, but neither is possible with a ninety per cent population of Indians and peons of the lowest type.

Mexico's rulers are not "presidents" as we think of presidents. They are dictators who control lawmaking, law enforcement and the courts. They are the constitution, the president, the supreme court and congress all in one. When a "president" fails to monopolize these functions a stronger dictator generally takes his place.

Mexico's rulers reach their office by force or show of force and not by the will of the people.

Probably no form of government other than an unlimited dictatorship could control that overwhelming majority of low race elements.

Mexico is not divided into thousands of little farms but cut up into great tracts, some of which are larger than certain of our states. Scarcely any of this whole area is under cultivation.

The land is owned by a few whites and half-breeds (where private property rights exist at all), but great tracts are held in common by Indian tribes throughout the republic. The millions of Indians, peons and half-breeds scattered over this vast territory bear somewhat the same relation to them as do the mules and cattle. They are practically chattels which pass with the land by reason of the peonage system.

No feature of the radical movement in Mexico is more striking to minds saturated with a sense of private property rights than the destruction of land titles during late years. Palavicini, editor of "El Universal," and a friend of the radical régime, has summed up the situation in a much-quoted editorial: "In Mexico, property rights have disappeared and no landowner can consider his title valid."

Universal property rights in rural land have been destroyed at the discrimination of the executive, and the decree is not subject to revision by the courts. The president of the republic and



Erving Gallows

#### THE ONLY PLACE IN TOWN TO GET WATER

A crowd of thirsty natives about the fountain in the market place at Oaxaca, Mexico



*By Burton Holmes, from Evening Gleanings*

#### YOUNG SOCIETY WOMEN RIDING HORSEBACK THROUGH CHAPULTEPEC PARK, MEXICO CITY

land commissioners can do pretty much as they please, under the present constitution, in the matter of land distribution. Under these conditions no one will buy or sell land, or lend money on rural properties in Mexico. The American has no longer the right to acquire property in Mexico. Under no condition may he acquire land within sixty miles of the frontier or thirty miles of the coast. As to the rest, he can only buy under permission of the Mexican president, and then only after having waived his rights as an American citizen. Failure to conform in this makes his property subject to outright confiscation.

Mexico has no universal language. Spanish is the official tongue, but one third of the population cannot speak or understand it.

There are no schools as we know schools. Almost none of the Indian and peon mass receives instruction in public schools.

Outside of two dailies, used as publicity mediums for those in power in the capital, Mexico has no independent press in the American sense.

Radical socialism in nine years has left a sinister imprint on the Mexican people. In various ways they have been brutalized; the marriage institution in many sections has been all but abolished through a divorce system whose lati-

tude makes marriage a farce. In Yucatan a man might obtain a divorce within twenty-four hours without notice to his wife.

Russia's hordes of wild children have a counterpart in Mexico although on a very much lesser scale. A large number of the children born in Mexico to-day are "natural" born. One woman may have four children by as many different fathers. The care and upbringing of this brood devolves upon the mother, the father not even recognizing his parenthood.

Along with this the radical element has made and is now making efforts to destroy the existing religious institutions, thereby removing from the common people, wherever possible, the force of religious thought and action.

Civilization in Mexico as it applies to the greater part of the population is in a semi-barbaric state. A small group of whites and half-breeds, the educated class (and, up to the present era of radicalism, the ruling class), know the same civilization that we have developed. They are highly educated, capable men. This limited group is civilization's only hope in that country to-day. They for four centuries have attempted to impose an Aryan civilization and culture upon a primitive mass. An observer must report that their effort has left slight imprint.



*(Photograph by Merrill Sabell)*

# MEXICAN WOMEN OF INDIAN BLOOD

Mexican markets always present an animated picture. Crowds of Indians flock thither to sell fruit, flowers and vegetables





*Photograph by Sierri Schell*

#### DESCENDANTS OF THE AZTECS

Two Indians from the Valley of Mexico whose blood is unmixed with European infiltrations. A great proportion of Mexico's population is made up of the pure Indian type





#### DRESSED FOR THE FIESTA

*By Barton Holmes, from Ewing Gallery*

The white mantilla symbolizes joy and gayety and is the mode at festivals, weddings and bullfights. Black lace veils are worn to church and on the street. Many of the old Mexican families still retain ancestral mantillas of finest Spanish lace handed down to them from viceregal days





*Photograph by Merrill Sekell.*

#### THE PRAYING PEON

The Church still retains a hold on the Indian population of Mexico, except in Yucatan, where places of worship have been turned into temples of socialism







DIEGO RIVERA WITH HIS WIFE AND BABY IN THEIR HOME IN A SUBURB OF MEXICO CITY

# RIVERA, *Socialist* PAINTER of MEXICO



By HARRY W. LAIDLER



**T**HERE he is at work, Diego Rivera, the best loved and the best hated artist in Mexico. Around him and around these mural decorations," said my companion, pointing to the now famous walls of the Educational Building in Mexico City, "has waged a controversy that has stirred every important group in our national life."

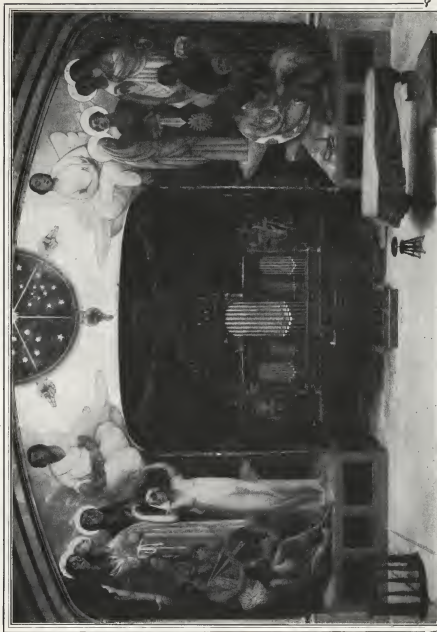
On the scaffolding, intent on his work, big, broad-shouldered, rotund, giving one the impression of a serenity and calmness that no controversy could disturb, stood the creator of the much-talked-of murals. Some pronounce them an artistic achievement. Others object to them

as bad art and worse propaganda. Threats have been made to destroy them.

I looked at the paintings, with their deep reds and oranges and blues, from a balcony of the inner court. On the first floor of the building a score of peasants from the south of Mexico were pointing open-mouthed at Rivera's picture stories of Indian life.

"If *they* understand," said the artist at my side, "that is sufficient praise, for my whole effort has been to portray the spirit of the Indian."

Seventeen years ago, when he was just of age, Rivera went to Europe to supplement his artistic



PAINTING BY RIVERA IN THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, MEXICO CITY, SYMBOLIZING  
KNOWLEDGE, INTUITION, SCIENCE, DANCING, MUSIC AND LAUGHTER

training. He studied in Rome and Paris, and in other centers under the cubist Picasso, also under artists of older schools. He was influenced by many. He became the disciple of none. He found and developed a style of his own.

A few years ago he came back to his own country. To one of his broadened vision native art seemed stagnant, Mexican art utterly distinct from life. Rivera believed that painting should interpret the struggles and hopes of the people. He organized a union of painters and sculptors to help to propagate this point of view.

Rivera also set about reviving the ancient art of mural decoration. José Vasconcelos, a minister of education under the Obregon administration, commissioned the young enthusiast to supervise the decorations on the walls of several public buildings, and immediately there arose an uproar.

Rivera's prime purpose has been to reveal the soul of the despised Indian to both himself and to the world. In the much-discussed series of murals representing the past evolution of the

Mexican Indian, his present life and his dreams of the future, he has traced the evolution of the material life of the Indian, his crafts and industries; he has shown the progress of science, and the progress of the spirit.

Among the most remarkable of Rivera's artistic efforts is the panorama on the principal stair-

way of the Educational Building, uniting tier with tier. Opposite the lowermost stair is a scene of primitive Mexican life near the sea. Ascending, one views the life of the forest which

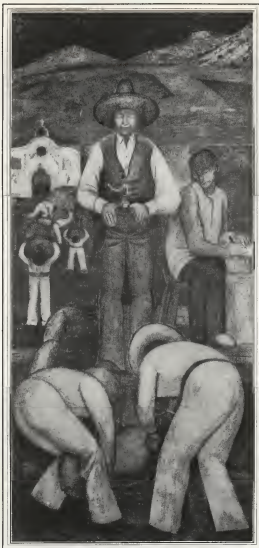
to Mexicans symbolizes the spirit of physical and spiritual cleanliness. Realism and imagination are mingled in the paintings that follow—palm-leaved huts; peasants in bondage, sharpening weapons destined to bring them liberty; clouds, out of which dart the evil spirits of avarice and superstition, and, finally, visions of a free land on the uppermost mountain range, where machinery has finally become the servant of a liberated peasantry.

These and other notable paintings express the artist's revolutionary philosophy. He sees Mexican civilization built on the back of the Indian. The Indian to him is the vital force of Mexico. He sees the Indian staying with the soil, identifying himself with his surroundings, but using the machine to lessen the burden of his life. He sees him joining with the toiler of the great cities in a common effort to bring

about industrial salvation. He sees art not as removed from life but as a part of life.

Beauty to him grows out of what is being done. Industry is not necessarily inartistic. A material basis for culture must be provided. Then the longing for beauty can be satisfied.

"The soul of the Indian," Rivera said before



"THE MASTER," By Diego Rivera



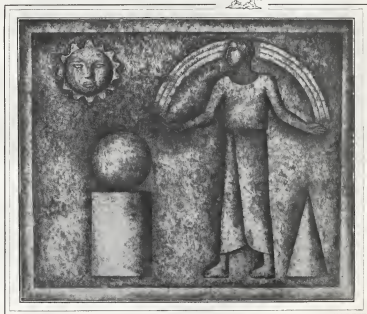
#### PAINTINGS THAT SYMBOLIZE THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

"Sculpture" (above) and "Painting" (below) are two of a series on the second tier of the inner court of the Educational Building, Mexico City. Others in this group are "Music," "Surgery," "Mathematics" and "Architecture."



bidding me farewell, "is essentially democratic, essentially communal. In that ideal, supplemented by modern methods of saving labor, lies the hope of my country."

Rivera's pictorial propaganda, pointing to a needed unity among all workers, whether of the field or the factory, and a day when exploitation will cease and all will be laboring for the common good, has been vigorously attacked by Mexicans who still dream of social conditions as they existed in their country when Porfirio Diaz was in power.



"The paintings," they say, "are crude propaganda and inartistic, and ought not to be exhibited. They desecrate one of our chief public buildings."

But the real reason for the attack the common people know, and, as far as one can now see, the paintings are there to stay—and to inspire generations to come with the vision of a free and brotherly world.

There is a general feeling that there could be no better way to encourage and democratize art than through the medium of mural paintings in public buildings.

# *We find an* AFRICAN *Tribe*

*In the South  
American  
Jungle*



MR. AND MRS. VANDERCOOK IN BUSHNEGRO VILLAGE,  
SURINAM, SOUTH AMERICA

Mr. Vandercook stands before a typical native hut, of which the roof and walls are made by interlacing dried palm branches. A house of this kind lasts about five years in a state of good preservation. Margaret M. Vandercook, wife of the writer, pictured in oval, accompanied her husband on all expeditions among the Bushnegroes. While there she made numerous sketches from life, which she has since elaborated in the form of sculptured studies of forest natives.

By JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

**A** FAR-FLUNG tribe of more than twenty thousand pure-blooded African Negroes has recreated the civilization of the Old World jungles far back in the unexplored forests of Surinam, the Dutch colony on the Guiana coast of northern South America. They are called the Bushnegroes.

Not long ago my wife and I, in search of "copy" and adventure, accompanied by a bush commissioner of the Dutch Government, who acted as our guide and interpreter, journeyed back into the regions where the Bushnegroes live. We were the first travelers from the outside world ever to go into their country with the end in view of studying them and attempting to understand their extraordinary life. Beyond the borders of the colony the Bushnegroes are seldom heard of, even remotely. Even in Surinam only a small handful of officials know, or for that matter care, anything about them. Nothing has ever been written in English concerning them. Yet few people in the world have a more fascinating history or a more curious present.

The Bushnegroes of to-day are the descendants of slaves who were brought from Africa in the

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to work upon the foreign colonists' sugar domains. The West Africans, as was the common lot of slaves in tropical colonies, were half-starved, overworked and were most brutally treated. They bore their agonies for nearly a century without apparent complaint, but then at length they revolted and fled into the impenetrable jungles behind the farthest sugar fields, and overnight reformed a typically African community of life in the dread regions where the masters never dared to venture. Three long and arduous wars were fought. Each ended in the same way. The white colonists sued for peace on whatever terms the victorious black rebels were prepared to offer. When in 1779 peace finally dawned the Bushnegroes had established their absolute independence in the hinterland jungles and their proprietorship to the land, and their privilege to eternal freedom received official recognition from the Government of Holland.

From that day to this there have been no wars in Surinam. The Bushnegroes had achieved all they wished and were content to devote the sun-warmed years forever to the rebuilding of the nearly lost society of Africa, with all its ancient



HEADMAN'S HOUSE AT THE TOWN OF GANSEE

This is the only Bushnegro village where Christian missionaries have taken a foothold. The carving of the porch railing on the hut shown above is typically African in design and execution. The upstairs window, however, plainly owes a debt to foreign influence. It is one of the few examples discoverable among the Bushnegroes of a detail which is not characteristic of African culture

mysteries, arts, philosophies and dreams.

Though they seldom look upon a white face, they are friendly to outsiders if they receive kindness and courtesy in exchange.

It is not especially arduous to enter their country. The government railway runs once each week to the borders of the territory where the largest of the three Bushnegro clans makes its home. It bore us—we were the solitary passengers—to a place called Kabel Station, a hundred miles back in the interior. From there we made further expeditions in Bushnegro canoes to many quiet, untroubled towns.

The fiercely running, rapid-broken Surinam River is the only highway in the central interior, and only one people in the world are able to navigate the river, the Bushnegroes themselves. They build slender dugout canoes from solid logs, and in these light craft they are not only capable of shooting down the most dangerously running rapid but, what is far more difficult, they can, with equal ease, force the frail craft back and up into the teeth of the falls with never the loss of an inch—or a passenger—though some of the cascades run at the rate of thirty or more miles per hour. To us it was a distinctly terrifying occupation to cling to the almost submerged thwarts, shoot down over the white, snarling water at express speed under the blazing equatorial sun and then



BUSHNEGRO STOOL

Carved from native wood. The Bushnegroes prefer to sit not more than six or eight inches from the ground, for this is the height of the seats in the canoes where they spend a large part of their time

eventually to return between the high, ominous walls of the bordering jungle betwixt rocks, whirlpools and steep falls that would smash a powerful steam launch to splinters in an instant. But it was a commonplace to our nearly naked boatmen, a simple detail of wilderness life that they have learned with consummate wisdom and untravailed skill.

During our stay in the interior we visited a dozen or more Bushnegro villages. All were alike in a quality of charm, a mood of antique peace and in suitability to the forest world. The houses woven of palm branches, the swaying coconut trees and the brown, gentle men and women at work in the tiny clearings seem to be a part of another and wholly fascinating world.

One finds no indications of our sort of civilization, except an occasional iron knife or pot or ax. The Bushnegroes are intensely proud of their race, of their memories, of their own ways of life. Firm tribal laws forbid the introduction of any bauble bought in the white men's towns. Nor do their systems of thought or government, or particularly their arts and sciences, owe anything



A CORNER OF THE MISSIONARY TOWN OF GANSEE

Two Negro Moravian brothers, teachers in the mission school, stand beside Louis Junker, Dutch Government commissioner of the region, and Mrs. Vandercook. The palms in the background are the variety from whose leaves the huts are constructed

to Nordic culture, though their ancestors knew nothing else in the bygone century of slavery. Perhaps their bitter experience was not of the sort that would lead them to ape or respect us very much.

The Bushnegroes are polygamous, though strict and perfectly "moral" laws govern all their relationships. They will have none of our God, for they have old, friendly, myriad gods of their own that adventure with them in a spirit of love and helpfulness through every experience of every moment of life. They have a philosophy which has freed them of fears of every kind—fear of the woods, of gods and men. Their commonwealth is based upon an elaborate plan which renders dissensions impossible. Crime is

an absolute impossibility because conscience is founded firmly in their religion. Their witch doctors, who take the same place in the jungle world that our scientists have in ours, have

developed varied skills that have made disease a conspicuous rarity among the forest people. They can cure almost any tropical ailment from a cold to leprosy, and they have perfected a semi-magical treatment that renders them absolutely impervious to the venom of even the most deadly reptiles that constitute so real a menace to life in the tropical woods. They have elaborated the art of wood carving brought with them as an important item in the cargo of memories from Africa, so that their abilities in that direction are sufficiently distinguished to rank equally with any similar productions from any studio in civilized countries.

Their one contact with the outside world is singularly indicative of the aptitude with which they have adjusted themselves to their difficult land. One of the most memorable oc-



AN "ANCESTOR HOUSE"

In the central place of a jungle village. The spirits of the dead are thought to inhabit this house and be available there at any time for consultation with the living



casions of our journey was the spectacle which we enjoyed one sweltering noonday of seeing a family of Bushnegroes shooting one of the fiercest falls in the Surinam River with a huge and unbelievably ponderous raft of hardwoods. All that was visible were four canoes in which sat several young Bushnegro men and women, sweating at their paddles in the work of avoiding the ever-jutting rocks that blocked the riverway. But we knew a raft was being conducted to the timber markets in Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam, hundreds of miles down the river, for the canoes kept a mathematical distance apart, two at one side, two at the other. And between them stood a tall Negro, apparently walking upon the water. In reality, as we knew, he stood upon submerged hardwood timbers, each one of which had a dead weight of thousands of pounds, and was possessed of no more buoyancy, as is the way of hardwoods, than a stone. But so skilfully had the timbermen lashed these logs together and tied them to the canoes at either side that the raft was held rigidly in place just below the water line and clear of the rock-strewn river bottom.

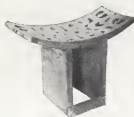
At least once a year every Bushnegro family undertakes a similar ven-

ture, and not once in memory has a single log ever been lost, though the only ropes that bind their enormous bulk together are slender vines torn from the network that tangles the trees of the great forest.

The Surinam jungles truly belong to the Bushnegroes. It is a territory where white men have never been able to survive for any length of time. We came away possessed of the firm belief that it is wrong and ignorant to say that the jungle Negro, certainly as he is represented in the Surinam forests, is a whit less "civilized" than any other race.

Civilization, in the final analysis, is a question of adaptation to an environment. The Bushnegroes, who have evolved ways of life that enable them to survive healthily, happily and wisely in the equatorial woods, have surely advanced as far along the way to a fulfillment of the needs of man, body and soul and mind, as any other people in any other environment.

NORR: Surinam, it is not commonly known, is the correct name for the country usually designated as Dutch Guiana, a designation that has no accurate or official meaning. The name Surinam, or Suriname, antedates Columbus, but few atlases have yet indicated it properly.



ANOTHER TYPE OF STOOL

(BELOW) BUSHNEGRO BOATMEN

Photographed at a wide bend in the Surinam River, South America







#### THE SONG OF VICTORY

On the return of a successful war party, Indian warriors put on their war dress and ride through the camp singing songs of triumph

## *A Life-long* PAINTER of INDIANS

Edwin W. Deming Has Painted the Red Man Since Childhood

*His Story, Told by His Wife*

THERESE O. DEMING

**A** FEW years ago, when Mr. Deming went back to visit among the Blackfeet Indians, he found still living some of the very old men that he had known in his youth. When they saw him they expressed great delight, and one of the elders said, "We are different now; our children do not like our ways any more, and we have to depend upon you to show our children's children what their fathers were." This pleased my husband, because he has devoted his life to revealing the nature and habits of the Indians as he knew them, realizing that actually our brown-skinned brothers are far from the forbidding creatures that superficial



EDWIN WILLARD DEMING

*Deming knows his Indians. He knows their souls and has been able to preserve much of what they thought, but did not often tell.—F. W. Hodge, Museum of the American Indian*

writers and artists have made them. Deming knows, as do all observers that have had opportunity to live with the Indians, that, though they may fight savagely to protect life and home and the graves of their ancestors, they have a beautiful and poetic side that is disclosed only to those they love and trust.

Son of a frontiersman, Edwin Deming was taken into the wilderness when a baby and, quoting his old friend and fellow plainsman Theodore Roosevelt, became "a part of the old-time West, the West of the on-coming pioneer and of the vanishing wild men." As a boy he made friends with the native children and sat with them



#### PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD

The Indian hunter makes apologies and offerings to the spirit of an animal he has killed, and explains the need for food and clothing

at their campfires listening to the stories of their fathers. He remembered what he heard and saw, and unconsciously stored up knowledge that was to affect all his future life.

He was still but a child when he made up his mind to be an artist. He drew pictures and colored them with house paint. He dug clay for modeling out of a creek near his home. The first pay he received for his art was when, as a mere youngster, he received five dollars for painting a spread eagle on a piece of tin for a neighbor's barn. Forty years later when the artist revisited the old place the farmer,

still proud of the eagle on his barn, asked him to freshen it up, and he did so with pleasure not unmingled with sentiment.

Edwin always had a longing to see beyond the great purple hills that shut him off from the land that lay behind. From a camp on Rock River in western Illinois, where he used to spend his summers after the planting and cultivating were done on the farm, he could hear the deep-toned notes of the Mississippi River boats—a siren sound that spurred him to roam. One day, after

long saving and planning for the great event, he found himself standing on the hur-



Mural decoration painted for Mrs. E. H. Hayman.  
Photograph courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

#### HIAWATHA CHASING THE SPIRIT OF MISCHIEF

The spirit escapes by being transformed into a whirlwind



ricane deck of the old stern-wheeler *Josephine*, of the Diamond Jo Line, watching the swirling of the rapids as she pulled upstream on the "Father of Waters." The Diamond Jo was a freight as well as a passenger line. On each side the boat pushed a barge. This was in accordance with what the boy had read in Mark Twain's recent book, "Life on the Mississippi," and everything was still as he had recorded it: the



Southern planters; the gamblers; the mate, whose profane vocabulary has become classic; the sweating negro roustabouts. Four days up the river and three days coming back only whetted the farm boy's appetite for more adventure, and he returned home determined to work hard and earn enough to travel again, and, this time, farther to the West. Soon after, he had a chance to go into what was then Indian Territory. After a trip on the railroad and then in an old stage coach, he found himself among the Poncas, the Osages, the Pawnees and other tribes. While he shared their earth lodges he made sketches and studies, now beyond price. He witnessed many of their old rituals, followed the medicine men around as they doctored the sick with their songs and incantations, slept sometimes in a buffalo-skin tepee, heard the tales of the tribal story tellers. He made sketches of the chiefs and some of the warriors of the Tonkawas, a small remnant of a band of Indians that had been wiped out by others of their race because they were accused of being cannibals. Later this outcast band became government scouts and served the United States against their Indian enemies. At one time or another, in the years that followed his birth in Ohio, in 1860, and after his family had settled in Illinois, down to the present time, he has lived with nearly all the tribes dwelling between the Hudson's Bay country and Mexico. Four years ago he went to Colombia to investigate a remote

tribe of pygmy cannibals, the Matalone Indians.

Deming's sympathy for a people driven farther and farther from their ancestral plains inspired him to begin an intimate picture chronicle of these first Americans, their life, customs, rites and habits. This finally became his life work.

When he was twenty-four, after selling a number of his Indian ponies, he came to New York and spent the winter studying at the

Art Students' League. The following year he was able to go to Paris, where he studied in Julien's academy. The immediate years after his return to America were spent among Indians of Oregon and of the Southwest. The summer of 1889 he was with the Crows on the Little Big Horn, and a few months later he lived in the camp of Rain-in-the-Face while the Sioux were preparing their disastrous attack on the whites. Sitting Bull, a trouble maker, not a great chief, had started the ghost dance to incite the young men to kill off the invaders. Deming attended these dances and made many drawings and photographs, bribing Sitting Bull to let him take his camera with him. A short time after Deming left this camp Major McLaughlin sent the Indian police to bring in Sitting Bull. In the fight that followed Sitting Bull and eight Indian police were killed.

Deming painted portraits of many of the chiefs. Rain-in-the-Face was so interested that after his portrait was finished he took a pencil and signed it in picture writing by drawing rain driving into his face. As these Indians were the same that took part in the Custer fight (which occurred just fifty years ago this year), Deming gleaned a great deal of information concerning their version of that historic encounter. He was familiar with the Reno and Custer battlefields, and, having known Curly, the only survivor of Custer's command, and many of the scouts and members of Reno's command,



#### PRAYER TO THE SUN

A mother prays to the sun, creator of life, imploring health and strength for her child



#### THE GOOD LUCK ARROW

*So speeds the Good Luck Arrow through the air,  
An offering to the goddess of the chase.*

In Indian lore a hunter who shoots his best arrow at the new moon is  
assured of success in the hunt



he had opportunities to hear both sides and to make sketches of the territory where they met. To these sketches he has constantly referred in making the composition for his new painting, "Custer's Last Stand," bringing into the picture vital incidents that happened during the battle and injecting history that is not generally known.

Rain-in-the-Face, who killed fifty-two white men and Indians, received the new name "Enemy Taker," but, in spite of this bloody record, he was loyal to a friend. Here is a little story that shows a hidden side of the Indian's character. Rain-in-the-Face had a wife who in a jealous rage cut him badly with a knife. Major McLaughlin put her in the log jail for punishment. When he found what the major had done, Rain-in-the-Face was very downcast and went to the officer to tell him that his wife was not well and being locked up might make her worse. He asked that he be allowed to serve her time out so she could go home and rest.

Deming saw Rain-in-the-Face and Flying By draw the records of their deeds of bravery on their war sheets. Later they gave him these sheets, and they are among our most valued possessions.

My husband lived with the Blackfeet Indians, and was adopted by them when they were still performing their old-time sun dance as an offering of thanksgiving for boons granted by the "Great Mystery." In 1914 Mr. Deming took us all with him on a visit to the Blackfeet and introduced us to the people that he so much loved. In appreciation of his kindness to them and as an expression of their love for him they adopted me and our children. My husband had been adopted sixteen years before, and named Eight Bears.

A few years ago a group of my husband's pictures were on exhibition in the National Gallery at Washington. It so happened that a number of old Indians came to the capital at about that time and the director of the Smithsonian Institution took them to see the canvases portraying the life of their people. They regarded them a long while in silence, then left to go over the building

to see the rest of the exhibits. After they were through they asked to be taken back to the gallery where Deming's pictures hung. Again, except for an occasional guttural word to one another, they said nothing as they stood looking first at one representation and then another of Indian warfare, sacred ceremonials and domestic life. Finally the eldest of the visitors turned to the director and said, simply but dramatically, "That man, he paint." This, Deming felt, was supreme praise.

Another Indian, an Omaha attached to the Smithsonian Institution, wrote to my husband: "There was never a time when



THE INDIAN ORPHEUS

In Indian legend the youth Manabozho (named Hiawatha by Longfellow) calls the wild animals with his flute, and they teach him the secrets of the forest

I visited your studio and examined your Indian pictures that I did not come away with a sense of satisfaction; for they always carried me back to the days of my boyhood when I witnessed scenes such as you portray."

A further tribute was paid by Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City:

"Deming gives us far more than a model; he penetrates the deep reserve of Indian stoicism and finds there an underlying reverence and awe in the presence of the great founder of nature. In the ceremonial visits, in the dances, in the funerals or mournings for the dead, we have a really penetrating vision of Indian life."



#### THE VOW OF VENGEANCE

An Indian woman takes oath to avenge the death of her brave killed in battle



#### THE INDIAN STORY TELLER

Big Moon, a Blackfoot chief, tells the story of his people to younger members of the tribe, so that the record of their history and mythology may be perpetuated





© J. P. Trow, Ithaca, New York

#### IROQUOIS BELTS

Left to right: Condolence Belt, Confederacy Belt, Indian Land Belt. Top Center: Treaty of Peace and Friendship Belt. Center: Council Fire of the Six Nations Belt, Belt of the Six Nations, Belt of Law, Condolence Belt.

## INDIANS *say it* *with* BEADS

History Recorded in Sacred Bead Belts of the Six Nations Recently  
Uncovered in the Iroquois Long House Near Syracuse, New York

By HOWARD McLELLAN

**B**EADWORK similar to much that was found in Tutankhamen's tomb might have been brought to light at less expense of time and effort in any one of the abandoned long houses of departed Iroquois chieftains in central and eastern New York.

Hanging in a tangle of cobwebs, covered with the dust of centuries, stained by the smoke of epoch-making council fires, they have recently been taken down, cleaned and examined for the first time since they were shown and read to George Washington during a treaty-making powwow in upper New York State. These belts formed the only existing record of the political history of the Six Nations. The Iroquois Indians—Washington called them the "Romans of the New World"—made a sacred ceremony of the election of a chief wampum or bead maker. It was his task to find the material for wampum

beads, then shape and drill them and finally weave them into hieroglyphic designs on buckskin belts. The weaving of each belt consumed two or three years. On such belts as these was recorded the most momentous event in American history—the final separation of the thirteen colonies from England.

The first news of approaching victory was conveyed to the Yankee soldiers in the form of an Iroquois wampum belt woven in such fashion as to foretell, long before arms were laid down by the defeated Britons, that the United States of America were to be free and independent. The Iroquois were uncanny in their divinations.

The true significance of Iroquois beads has been revealed only within the last few months. Chief Jesse Lion, Hereditary Keeper of the Wampum for the Six Nations, lifted the sacred belts from their resting place on the rafters of the



Photograph, J. P. Troy

#### THE BELT OF THE SIX NATIONS

As interpreted by Chief Jesse Lion, the purple and white design symbolizes the return in 1714 of the "sixth nation," the nomadic Tuscaroras, from their wanderings. The steps in purple wampum denote the rise of each nation toward the sun. The incomplete symbol in the lower left corner represents the white man just beginning to appear on the Indian horizon

Iroquois long house near Syracuse, dusted them off and read them for Indian Bureau officials. The belts Chief Jesse translated told a story that

began half a century after Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere.

Following Washington's visit on his treaty-making mission with the Iroquois Indians, they were again stored away. At the time, a great celebration was held ratifying the grant of large tracts of Indian lands to the United States in return for the right of the Iroquois to live on their reservations, "never to be disturbed by white men."

There are eight sacred belts in the set displayed by Chief Lion, each with a hieroglyphic design of vast import to the Indians. Old Iroquois wampum makers spent more than three years making the largest of the belts. In translating the symbols Chief Lion drew on traditions centuries old, handed

down from Iroquois grandmothers to their progeny. Grandmothers in those days were the secret-keepers of the tribes.

Each belt contains hundreds of pieces of white and purple wampum, about an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick. They are made of a special clam shell found at certain spots along the Atlantic shores and carried inland. They were rolled into cylindrical form by the bare hands of the wampum makers, then hollowed with tiny, brittle stone drills, which frequently had to be resharpened during each operation. Often half a day was required to drill a single bead.

Six beads of Indian wampum represented to the Indians a money value of six bushels of corn, at a time when corn and wampum were the mediums of exchange. Each piece of wampum, when strung, has a meaning that must be translated with regard to its color and design. After this the relation of one belt to another and the meaning of the whole must be studied to supply continuity to the hieroglyphic record.

The most ancient of the eight belts, begun in 1550 and known as the Confederacy Belt, signalizes the establishment of a league to insure peace in the New World. It is made of white and purple beads, white representing the world at large and purple denoting the political importance of the Five Nations. Purple was the Indian color symbolizing anything of a political nature. A touch of purple in a chieftain's headdress was his certificate of election.





Five nations are represented on the Confederacy Belt—the Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Senecas—whose descendants still live on Indian reservations in New York State. The sixth nation, the Tuscaroras, or Wanderers, had not returned from their exploring expeditions in the West and South.

The next oldest belt is the Belt of Law. Its two lines of purple wampum running through a field of solid white established the law of the Indians and the law of the white man. The two lines do not meet, which indicates, according to Indian interpretation, that the two sets of laws "must always run by themselves and never touch."

The original Belt of the Six Nations, which announces the return of the nomadic Tuscaroras, was finished in 1714. The Six Nations are represented by purple, step-like, triangular designs. For the first time it gives official recognition to the white man in Indian affairs, the symbol of the invader being indicated in the lower corner.

The Belt of Peace and Friendship, completed in 1794, records the basic treaty with America, under which the Iroquois and the white man have lived in peace for more than a century and a quarter. This and the Great Council Fire Belt are the ones Washington held amid the long-drawn-out ceremony of ratification.

The political importance of the Great Council Fire Belt is indicated by its almost solid field of purple. The two white hollow squares represent the great council fire at one end and the "great white home of Washington" at the other.

The longest belt, made of white wampum beads, describes treaty provisions by which the Indians were to get 65,000 acres of land.

The two remaining belts in the collection are really necklaces. They are Condolence Belts describing how new chieftains are to be raised in place of those who die.

In the ancient long house at Syracuse there are other wampum belts recording the laws and etiquette of the Iroquois. The Belt of Separation was intended as a rebuke to Iroquois married couples who quarreled and separated. By act of the council whoever left the family domicile first and did not return, was guilty of desertion and was forced to wear the belt in public.

Chief Jesse Lion threw out this satirical suggestion: "American women don't understand Indian belts. American husbands don't understand Indian ideas either, much. But if you make American man and wife wear belt of beads when they have family trouble



Photograph, J. P. Truro

#### THE GUARDIAN OF THE BELTS

Chief Jesse Lion, Iroquois wampum keeper, displaying priceless records woven by his forefathers. The belts embroidered in symbols of highest political importance to the Indians of New York State were read by him in recent months for officials of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The Confederacy Belt (nearest elbow of right arm), begun in 1550, records the establishment of the world's first League of Nations for Peace

maybe they wouldn't have troubles, and maybe they would understand Iroquois beads better."





THIS heroic bronze by Hermon MacNeil in City Park, Portland, Oregon, overlooks a broad valley down which the caravans of ox teams came bringing settlers to the Pacific coast.

Many of the best known subjects of Hermon MacNeil are expressive of Indian life. The sculptor was born in Everett, Massachusetts, in February, 1866. His studio is on the north shore of Long Island, New York.

## *The Coming of the* WHITE MAN



*Courtesy Ohio State Archaeologist and Museum Society*

#### THE SERPENT MOUND, ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO

The body of this mound is over 1,300 feet long, 25 feet wide near the head, and tapers to 5 feet at tail

# MOUNDS *and* MOUND BUILDERS

By RALPH VAN DEMAN MAGOFFIN, Ph. D., LL. D.

*Head of the Department of Classics, New York University  
President of the Archaeological Institute of America*

THE United States is becoming more interested every day in its own archaeology. Our Southwest is disclosing cliff dwellings, pueblos and burial sites that seem to be related more closely to the cultures of Mexico and Central America than to those of our states.

The origin and race history of the American Indian is not yet indubitably solved. And the largest unsolved question relates to the thousands of earth hummocks the number and general distribution of which seem to justify the insistence that archaeology discover, prove and tell who were the Mound Builders.\*

There is no need to marshal the evidence that has shown that, all over the world, early man piled up earth or stones into a mound as a look-out place, as a place of defense or as a lasting memorial to his dead. Such an act is axiomatic.

The belief is widespread and general that the Mound Builders were a pre-Indian people. A certain great work published about seventy years ago, entitled "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," brought to extended public notice an account giving figures and measurements from surveys which solidified the popular notion of a great pre-Indian race into a belief that a people

able to build such mathematically correct earthworks must have been a race of very high culture and great antiquity. Suffice it to say, later accurate measurement discredited every statement made in the "great book" so far as regarded symmetry or identity in form or size. The marvelous exactitude claimed for the Mound Builders was disproved. But the mounds were still there, and their number, if they did nothing else, proved that there had been early inhabitants.

Is science in a position yet to make a definite answer to the Mound Builder question?

It is possible to tell of what the mounds are made, where they are, what shape and size they have, and what has been found in most of those which have been opened under supervision.

The prehistoric artificial mounds in the United States are made of dirt, although some stone, sand and shells are found in many of them. The dirt of which they were made was carried in basket loads by people to the mound sites and dumped. The deposits of small basket-sized heaps, with sometimes the marks of the basket still remaining, have often been identified clearly.

These mounds are very widely distributed over



*Courtesy  
Ohio State  
Archaeologist  
and Museum  
Society*  
Terra-cotta figure from altar of Mound Four, Turner Group, Little Miami Valley, Ohio

\*Acts reinforced by Hardy and will thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Mally and the Ohio Archaeologist and Museum Society, to the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of Harvard University, to the Peabody Museum of Archaeology, to Mr. John M. Bauman of Columbia, South Carolina, and to Miss Nina Miesbach of Wittenberg College, South Carolina



*Courtesy Wisconsin Archaeological Society, Madison, Wisconsin*

# TURTLE EFFIGY, OBSERVATORY HILL, UNIVERSITY OF MADISON, WISCONSIN

The low outline mound is very clear. The University Board of Regents marked it with a bronze tablet in 1923

this country. There are several regions, however, where they are clustered more or less thickly. In Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and Tennessee are many groups of pyramidal flat-topped mounds and quite a considerable number of river-bank earthworks. In Wisconsin alone there are over fifteen thousand mounds. The hundred-mile-long and six-mile-wide strip along the east bank of the Mississippi River in Illinois known as the "American Bottom" was the earthenware manufactory of the people of the many mounds that belong to the Cahokia section. But the most numerous and best centered groups of mounds are those that lie inside an imaginary circle with a radius of 150 miles, taking Cincinnati as a center. *There are over ten thousand mounds in Ohio.*

It may be said that practically all mounds in the United States are in one of three categories: (1) mounds for defense or lookout; (2) mounds for religious purposes; (3) burial mounds. Nearly all of them conform to one of four shapes: conical, linear, oval or effigy. Camp sites often contain mounds within their linear embankments, and if one or more of these mounds are effigies the camp site may tend to be called a "sacred enclosure." Inasmuch as many interesting objects have been found in the mounds it may be well to remember that so far as is now known the Mound Builders obtained their obsidian from the Yellowstone, their shells and pearls from the Florida coast, their copper from Lake Superior, and their mica from the Appalachian highlands.

The largest artificial mound in the United States is the Cahokia mound in Illinois. The

railway yards in East St. Louis are now within two miles of this greatest of all mounds, and as yet Illinois has not seen fit to make a state preserve of several hundred acres here, and thus save one of America's greatest prehistoric monuments. There are sixty-seven mounds in the Cahokia group inside an area two miles square, any one of which would be considered large were it not for the four-terraced Cahokia itself, which measures 1,080 x 710 feet and is 100 feet high, covering an area of sixteen acres. There are five hundred mounds near Iron Mountain, in eastern Missouri, and twenty are said to have disappeared under the growth of St. Louis. The small number of burials found, if the record is correct, seem to make it possible to say that the Mississippi group are not primarily burial mounds.

The Edwards mound in Coahoma County, Mississippi, however, is a typical burial mound. One hundred and fifty-eight burials were found in it, both full length and "bundle" type. With the skeletons were found many poorly fired vases, some celts, shell and glass beads. A burial mound also is the one seventeen feet high near Mt. Yonah in White County, Georgia, in the Nacoochee Valley. We know that De Soto visited this particular mound in 1540, and Cherokee Indians were still living there in 1819. This mound, the circumference of which is over 230 feet, was the site of the town house, the village being on the surrounding flat land. Near the edges of the mound were seventy-five burials, at depths of from two to eighteen feet. Of the bodies forty-eight had been buried with their heads to the east. Pottery

was found with the skeletons, some very fine effigy pipes, many shell beads and gaming dis-coids, cooking pots and water jars with both stamped and incised patterns, and a few pieces of copper. De Soto is reported as having explored "a large temple (in Louisiana) in the woods, in which were buried the chiefs of the country, and took from it a quantity of pearls . . . which were spoiled by being buried in the ground." Many things were found in a mound on the island below the Catawba Dam at Rock Hill, South Carolina.

In Wisconsin there are many effigy mounds, in the shapes of men, birds, panthers, deer, etc. The eagle effigy mound on the state hospital grounds on the north shore of Lake Mendota has a wing spread of 62.4 feet. The effigy mounds are only a few feet in height, not over six or eight feet, but they range in length from 50 to 550 feet. Sauk County, Wisconsin, boasts a very fine man-effigy mound; and Waukesha County has some 332 mounds of different sorts. But the serpent mounds in Adams and Warren counties, Ohio, are the most noted of the effigies. The Warren County serpent mound, as measured in 1892, was 1,369 feet long, and the Adams County serpent is almost the same length. The Alligator Mound near Granville, Ohio, is also interesting; as is also the "Fair Ground Circle" at Newark, and the large mound at Marietta.

A few miles up the Little Miami River above the Warren County serpent mound is what has been termed the "crowning effort attained in earthwork construction in the United States." It is called "Fort Ancient." It boasts 18,712 feet of embankment with its ditch on the inside—not outside—the wall. It is twenty feet high on the average, and has seventy-one openings in it. From its importance it has given to the people whose mounds are near by its name as typical of the culture. The people of the Fort Ancient culture depended on the chase for living, developed agriculture and buried their dead; in their mounds no copper is found.

Across the river are the mounds which typify the Hopewell culture. These people cremated their dead, and in their mounds much copper is found.

The extensive earthworks and tumuli in the

valleys of the Great and Little Miamis and the Scioto in southwestern Ohio, with the so-called Early Madisonville group—only some four miles from Fort Ancient—attributed to the central Mississippi culture, and the Turner group in Hamilton County, have made this section of Ohio quite famous in archaeological annals. The "find" a few weeks ago near Bainbridge, with its pearls, turquoise beads and colored cloth, recalls another "find" equally important made many years ago in the Turner group. On the left bank of the Little Miami was found an oval enclosure 1,500 x 950 feet in area, connected with a smaller enclosure. Within them were fourteen mounds, thirty-two graves and several altars. In the central altar were found some two hundred bronze nuggets and ornaments, seven hundred copper beads, forty-five hundred shell beads, seventeen thousand embroidery shells, thirty-six thousand pearl beads one-eighth to one and one-half inches in diameter, twelve thousand other unperforated pearls (twenty-three pounds of pearls altogether) and hundreds of articles of bone, obsidian, deer antler, animal teeth, terra-cotta figurines, and fifteen sheets of gold which had been hammered flat from nuggets.

The pearls in various mounds have not the value that may have been attributed to them. Most of them came from the mussel shells along the Florida, Georgia and South Carolina coast, but many were clay covered with mica and made malleable by heat. The work on the tobacco pipes, of which there are literally thousands of excellent specimens, especially those of the Hopewell culture, seems to show some advance in sculptural work in bird and animal shapes.

The Winnebago and Potawatomi Indians in Wisconsin were still burying in mounds within the memory of men yet living; Cherokee Indians were using Nacoochee mounds in Georgia, called Guaxule by the De Soto records in 1540, and had no tradition either then or in 1819 of any other inhabitants than their own Indian tribe. In fact, there is no tradition



Courtesy Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society

#### DOG EFFIGY—PIPE FORM

This was found among the Ohio mounds. It weighs five pounds

among any historic Indian tribe that there were any settlers ahead of themselves. Had there been a race preceding them living as widely scattered as the mounds are, many traditions

about them would have persisted.

In the mounds of Wisconsin thus far there have been found only fifteen thousand copper implements and ornaments, and over five million stone art objects. Copper, therefore, is not very plentiful. The tobacco pipes are the best art objects the mounds have produced. The designs are numerous, the modeling is good, but the smooth polish was obtained by rubbing, and that is the crudest of all methods. Had the peoples who designed the pipes, who made the copper ornaments, who molded and decorated the earthenware, who carved the teeth, horn and bone of the mounds, been a people of great antiquity they ought to have advanced farther than they did.

Two copper breastplates and some ornaments found a short time ago in the mound near Bainbridge, Ohio, are too little to build up a theory of a lordship over the Mound Builders by the Mayas of Central America. The pearls that were found are like those previously found in many mounds. Cloth has been found before, notably the well-preserved lot from the Westenhaver mound, six miles from Circleville.

The fact that cloth is still preserved in open dirt burial makes it impossible to assign any great age to it. The attempt to give a prehistoric race of Mound Builders a unique religious ritual on the basis of a few serpent-shaped mounds is not tenable. The serpent



*Courtesy Peabody Museum, Harvard University*

HEAD CUT OUT OF  
MICA

From altar of Mound Three,  
Turner Group, South Miami  
Valley, Ohio

mounds are clearly only one animal form out of scores of other effigy forms. The effigy mounds are simply naturalistic symbols in the shape of local animals. They may very well prove animistic superstition but not a developed ritual. The attempt to show that the Mound Builders had a great political organization has no proof. That there was some commercial intercourse between the peoples of the mounds and the Aztecs, Toltecs and Mayas is quite likely.

There is nothing about the mounds that demands a skill, security sense or intelligence beyond that which the American Indians had or have. There is no tradition among the Indians that they displaced or were preceded by an earlier people. In a dozen states Indians within our own historic times were found using earlier mounds and making new ones. There is no sign of a religious, political or administrative entity coextensive with the mounds, nor have the mounds constructional qualities to match a race far advanced in culture. There are some differences between the Indians before and after Columbus' day but they are neither many nor great.

To put the building of the mounds many centuries before the time of Columbus would be extremely hazardous.

Taking all the evidence under consideration it is possible to say that the Mound Builders were American Indians, and not an earlier race.



*Courtesy Wisconsin Archaeological Society*

GOOSE EFFIGY, LAKE MENDOTA, MADISON, WISCONSIN

# Exploring Ohio's "Valley of the Kings"

By ROBERT S. FRENCH

A NEW chapter in American archaeology was opened when the Seip Mound, one of the Hopewell Mound Group in Ross County, Ohio, was recently explored. The Seip Mound was 255 feet long, 155 feet wide at its base, and rose to a height of 27 feet 4 inches.

The interior construction differed but little from other examples of Hopewell culture. But one "intrusive burial" was discovered before the interior mound was reached, this being the remains of an adult with whom had been buried four breastplates and three axes of hammered copper and representing specialized workmanship.

The interior burial mound, which the Mound Builders constructed as the original covering of their charnel houses and burial cribs, was made of puddled clay over which a layer of clean-picked cobblestones had been placed to a depth of a foot.

Penetration of the clay covering brought the explorers to a burial crib constructed of logs and over which had been placed an awning or covering of animal skins or fabrics. Removal of the soft earth that had settled into the crypt brought to light the burial catafalque upon which lay the remains of four adults—two males and two females—and at their heads, lying at right angles, the skeletons of two children. Thousands upon thousands of fresh-water pearls, which had been pierced and strung, lay about the skeletons, which were in an excellent state of preservation, and had apparently hung in great strands about the bodies at burial. The pearls ranged in size from seed pearls, about the size of a grain of wheat, to gems three fourths of an inch in diameter. All, however, were badly deteriorated.

The great profusion of pearls indicated that the original owners were persons of some consequence among their tribesmen, and as a result



*A skeleton found in Seip Mound, Ohio*

the discovery has been named "The Great Pearl Burial," and its site, in Paint Creek Valley, Ohio's "Valley of the Kings."

But it was neither the royal burial nor the royal pearls that gave the scientists their greatest thrill—it was the fine raiment, resplendent in its original colors, a discovery the first of its kind in the history of mound exploration.

The cloth specimens were found adhering to two copper breastplates

which lay beneath the heads of the two male adults. These breastplates measured nine by thirteen inches and ten by fourteen inches respectively. The cloth was apparently a part of splendidly woven robes done in conventional designs and the original colors of which had been preserved by mineralization through chemical action in contact with the copper. The colors ranged from deep red and maroon to orange, yellow, tan and black; the designs were executed in circles and bands of varying dimensions. The cloth had been woven of thread spun from bast fiber.

Another important episode was the removal of a collection of ceremonial pipes of huge dimensions from a cache in the soft earth above the interior burial mound. The collection comprised five pipes carved from steatite, a dark, dense stone flecked with crystal, and were of a type peculiar only to another culture of Mound Builders which made its home in Georgia, Tennessee and the Carolinas. The discovery of these pipes in Hopewell Mound indicated that the Hopewell peoples had entered into trades relations with this Southern culture and had procured the ceremonial pipes by barter.

The discoveries in the Seip Mound are counted among the most important in recent years.



A VIEW OF THE STAGE TOWER AT NIPPUR

This colossal construction has withstood the ravages of centuries. After thousands of tons of earth had been removed from the Nippur tower it was learned from scattered records that the temple in the tower courtyard had been a storehouse for an almost endless succession of early kings, running far back through Babylonian and Sumerian dynasties. After much difficulty the explorers finally reached the temple and there found no less than 50,000 tablets.

# How MUD-PIE Tablets led to CULTURE



By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

It is now estimated that nearly half a million of these

**L**EARNING to write is such a simple matter to-day when children pick up the alphabet in nursery rhymes that it is difficult for the modern mind to imagine a language without letters. And yet, incredible as it may seem, some of the most glorious pages of history were written in such a language, the

mud records of ancient civilization have been found, and several expeditions of American, British, French and German scientists are digging in the ruined cities of Mesopotamia for more. In addition a handful of scholars is constantly at work on the long and painstaking task of translation—made difficult in spite of their knowledge by the entire absence of letters or even the beginnings of an alphabet.

From these tablets it is possible to show how man learned to write, however, and many of the steps from pictures to symbols and from word signs to the letters of a fixed alphabet are now subject to illustration. Scientists have for years been interested in tracing the alphabet back to its origin. Within the last year they have added three hundred years to its age, and some day they may be able to show exactly where it started.



COAT OF ARMS OF A BARBER IN BABYLON, 2000 B. C.

"pages" being mud-pie tablets, sun-dried—the written words being made up of symbols obtained by simplifying the picture drawings that early man first used to make a record of his ideas.



Any alphabet is a division of the sounds within the common range of the human voice, and the assignment to each sound of a fixed and arbitrary symbol. While these symbols and even the sound divisions differ in modern languages, a great deal of the present-day alphabets may be traced to Hebrew, Greek and Roman origins. Historians have known for many years, however, that even the most ancient Hebrew and Greek civilizations were really modern in comparison to the lost races that once flourished in the Near East, and they have been anxious to know to what extent the culture of historical periods was inherited from these earlier eras.

Consequently a continued search has been carried on for forms of writing that would indicate at least an attempt to set up an alphabetical system. Only a little more than half a century ago—in 1859, to be exact—a discovery was made that apparently located the origin of the Greek, Hebrew and Roman alphabets in Phœnicia, and dated it as 850 B. C.

Now it is known that the Phœnicians actually had letters bearing no relation to pictures as early as 1200 B. C. The discovery on which this is based was made by the French explorers Montet and Vincent in the course of excavations on the site of ancient Byblos, on the Mediterranean seaboard of the land once occupied by the Phœnicians north of Palestine. The city included a cemetery used as a royal burial place during the middle and later Egyptian dynasties, and in a tomb dated in the reign of Rameses II, or perhaps a little later, a most extraordinary carved sarcophagus was found.

Examination of this revealed it to be the oldest known Phœnician inscription, and also the oldest use of alphabetical writing.

Other discoveries have been made from time



A COAT OF ARMS FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

Taken from the seal of a scribe in Nippur prior to 3000 B. C.

to time which have led archaeologists to believe that the idea of an alphabet was in the mind of prehistoric scholars in much earlier periods, but the Phœnicians were apparently the first to make use of such a system. Its general adoption marked a turning point in the dissemination of culture. Centuries earlier the discovery of the mud tablet as a means of keeping written records had had a similar effect. The mud tablet, in fact, was the first instrument to bring writing potentially within the reach of all.

Scientists are agreed that the first records were made on stone. In the beginning they were confined to the rude pictures in caves. Then someone had the idea of making drawings on portable stones. The earliest known example of this, and the oldest known piece of writing, is on a stone tablet now in the University Museum at Philadelphia. It is dated 4500 B. C. and it contains an incantation which was supposed to drive insect pests from crops. Still another, dated 4000 B. C., marked the boundary line in the field of Gu Eddin near Lagash.

Until just before the beginning of this century scientists had had but little idea of the extent of the written records kept by the ancients before alphabets came into use. Hundreds of tablets containing cuneiform script had been brought out of Mesopotamia but there were no large collections and little progress had been made in deciphering them. Then the University of Pennsylvania Museum explorers discovered a whole library of tablets at Nippur, and four expeditions, whose operations extended over a period of twelve years, were



In the British Museum, London

Kodak & Harber

#### A DOG'S FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

A Babylonian brick, 4,500 years old, intended for the palace of a king of Ur, as indicated by the royal stamp, but discarded because a dog walked over the clay before it was hard

sent out to recover the precious inscribed tablets.

Nippur was the city known as Calneh in the Bible. When the explorers began their labors they did not know the extent of the city, and much time was spent in excavating the Ziggurat, or tower. After thousands of tons of earth had been removed from this it was learned from scattered records that the temple in the tower courtyard had been a storehouse for an almost endless succession of early kings, running far back through Babylonian and Sumerian dynasties. The age of the city may be indicated by the statement that twenty-one different pavements, or levels of occupation, were found.

By the time this discovery was made, however, so much earth had been dumped on the temple storehouse that it was regarded as too expensive to remove it. So the explorers began to run tunnels, and after a time located with one of these what had evidently been the archive rooms. Here they found, mixed with the rubbish of centuries, no less than 50,000 tablets. Half of these were retained by the Turks, and the others were sent to Philadelphia, where scholars have been at work ever since translating them.

In all the cities of ancient Mesopotamia it was the custom of the reigning monarch to lay down a pavement of bricks stamped with his name. From these names archaeologists get their dates. The Nippur collection has been extremely valuable because of the lists of dynasties and kings it has furnished, recent discoveries in this field having carried the framework of Babylonian history back to 4000 B. C. During all of that period apparently, and up to within a few hundred years before Christ, succeeding conquerors brought spoils of war and records of their victories to Nippur to be placed in the shrine of Enlil, Bel, or Baal, the ruling god.

Here also was kept the collection of sacred documents which preserved for later Babylon, as

well as for present-day civilization, the chief records of Sumerian culture. Long before Abraham left his native city of Ur of the Chaldees, Sumer was a dead language. Succeeding conquerors of the land, however, had been so impressed with the literature—religious, legal, com-



STONE TABLET DATED ABOUT 4500 B. C.

The stone tablet pictured here marked the boundary line between the ancient cities of Ur of the Chaldees—Abraham's birthplace—and Lagash, in southern Mesopotamia. Ur is now being excavated by a joint expedition of the British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia. The tablet has been dated at approximately 4500 B. C. It is the most archaic form of cuneiform script ever found, being more like a pictograph



mercial and scientific—of these ancients that they caused to be made tablets containing two columns of writing in cuneiform script. The first of these was in the archaic Sumerian, which is nothing more than a shorthand picture writing, while the second was in the Babylonian script, a development of the same system.

At Ur of the Chaldees a joint expedition of the Pennsylvania and British museums is now engaged in searching for a still earlier library of clay tablets.

Ur was the site of the Temple of the Moon God and is believed to have been much older than Nippur. Whether it ever attained equally widespread religious standing remains to be learned.

A joint expedition of the universities of Chicago and Oxford also is at work in Mesopotamia. Somewhere in the ruins of these sites explorers hope to find earlier records of civilization, perhaps even earlier than the ancient stone tablets going back nearly seven thousand years.

# "On the ROAD to MANDALAY"

Real Life and Scenes  
Along a Poetic +  
Highway + +

By RAYMOND FULLER



*By Cushing, from Burmese Collection*

A GUARDIAN MONSTER AT THE  
GATEWAY TO A BUDDHIST  
SHRINE

STRIP the romantic, the sentimental, from history, and what would be left? Little save art—but art is much! Architecture, painting, sculpture, song; these have sustained us down through the years; these are the tokens from which civilization takes its name

What matter if the Road to Mandalay end two hundred miles from where flying fishes could possibly play? What boots it if from the old Moulmein Pagoda (leagues and leagues from Mandalay) one looks eastward upon the Salwin River, not sea? How important is it to learn that Indian Ocean dawns *cannot* come up out of China across a bay? Let us imagine how Kipling (himself a pathfinder and a road builder) may have routed Mandalay Road through his dreams.

The classic road begins, I suspect, at London

"AN' I SEED HER FIRST A-SMOKIN' OF A WHACKIN'  
WHITE CHEROOT—"

Why they do it is a Burmese mystery! It is not tobacco—smells like smoldering straw—tastes even worse

—or at least at Suez, where the best and worst are indistinguishable. The flying fishes play all the way to Colombo and never tire of playing all the way from Colombo to Rangoon. The sun comes up—perhaps like thunder—who knows! —out of China's general direction every dawn, from Aden to the delta of the Irrawaddy. There at Rangoon the *terra firma* road commences. It ends at King Thibaw's crumbling wooden palace, the palace of a guileless, witless child, even though the artistic resources of a race were conscripted to becarve and decorate it. Up there in the heart of Burma, on the great Irrawaddy, at the ancient capital upon which the dry season scattereth dust like hoar frost over everything, so that by moonlight a tropical snow seems to lie over it, the end of the Road is reached.



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The Irrawaddy, like the Nile in Egypt, threads through the life and civilization of Burma. Burma is a long narrow country, with a rising and falling river, upon which its grain fields, its existence, are dependent. In Burma rice is the chief crop and requires much water for irrigation. As in all rice countries every drop of water that can be had is coaxed out of stream beds and diverted over the fields to the very limit of distance to which it can be conveyed. Burma, due to the wide Irrawaddy, exports rice in prodigious amounts, besides feeding millions of people at home. Along its low banks, quite as the Nile, stand monument after monument of a vigorously religious past—the gold-topped, round-based pagodas of Buddhist inspiration. Beside it are legions of little villages, at many of which river steamers touch and go, as they do on the Eternal River. And away upstream, in the depths of a secluded interior little known to the outer world, lie ancient metropolises: Ava, Mandalay, Prome, Pegu—the Thebes, Philæ and Memphis of Upper Burma.

There are few as interesting river trips anywhere as the week's journey from Rangoon to Mandalay. But now that time is computed in money there has been constructed a first-grade railway line, straight from point to point, that takes one there in his sleep almost. Twenty hours from busy Rangoon—now become one of the world's great seaports, trafficking in teak, oil, rubies and rice—to quiet, contemplative Mandalay cloaked in its wrappings of piety, memories and dust. Twenty hours, but twenty centuries: "long ago and fur away."

Rangoon has a distinctive character among Asiatic sea-

port cities. It has gone over to the European type of city less than have most of its Far Eastern colleagues.

As Paris centers upon its Opera Square, Berlin upon its Tiergarten, Cairo upon its Sharia el Kamel, so Rangoon pivots about its Shwe Dagon.

*Do they call me rich in trade?  
Little care I, but hear the scorned priest drone,  
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.*

This superlative pagoda, not in any sense a temple to a god, but a monument to a man's spiritual insight, is to Burma, nay, to the whole Buddhist world, somewhat as the Middle Ages cathedral must have been to its community, a religious center and a social meeting ground as well. The people's festivals are celebrated beside it; its holidays bring thousands there; moonlit nights about its vast pedestal attract chattering groups: lovers hand in hand, friends also hand in hand, families

being gay together. There are shows round about to watch, food to munch, sweets to buy, music to listen to, story tellers to be thrilled by, prayers and offerings to make on these moonlit evenings at the Shwe Dagon.

Its towering, funnel-shaped, conical bulk, glowing gold to a height of three hundred and seventy feet, except that it now has glittering electric lights around its summit, symbolizes

Burma. Its form is purely Burmese, an adaptation or evolution of the dagobas of Ceylon and an intermediate step, architecturally, toward the storied pagoda of China and Japan.

Eight hairs from the Great Teacher's head are relics here:



*By Crofting, from Baring Gallery*

#### NEAR RANGOON ARE COLOSSAL MONUMENTS TO THE GREAT GOD BUDDHA

Forty years ago British, not Buddhist, enterprise redeemed them from the jungle. All over Burma, in spots where only the elephant hunter or surveyor has been, are little groups of pagodas, rich in execution and elaborate in detail, telling of a militant piety in a far-off day



*By Caroline, from Spring Gardens*

small wonder that it has come to be sheathed in gold plates and gold leaf; not strange that the devoutly rich from all Bud-

dhadom have brought countless offerings to its priests and have builded over fifteen hundred miniature pagodas and shrines around its base. As someone has said, these votive structures were erected by devotees who find their reward in building, not in preserving, them, so that their upkeep is "left to the government of time." The pinnacled jungle of them crowd and jostle each other in bewildering confusion around a pediment terrace almost a thousand feet square.

What of the people along the Road? Three outstanding characteristics impress the traveler: the cheerful, self-reliant, leisurely man-

#### THE GREATEST "GREAT GOD BUDD" OF ALL

This eighty-foot statue of Buddha at Pegu was for generations a mound in the tropical forest, lost, forgotten. Since exhumation, a shed has been built over it against sun and rain. "There is calm, there is reassurance in these giant features

ner of the Burmese; the stature of their womanhood—quite the highest in Asia; and their taste and pride in dress. In

contrast to vast India, westward, where none of these conditions obtain, and in contrast to Malay peoples east and south, the Burmans give evidence of being of an altogether different stripe. And they are. They are the languorous, emotional Malay stock anciently crossed by the sturdier Mongolian. Down the Irrawaddy and the Mekong, across the Shan states, from southeast China, came the influences and strains of the Chinese to an indigenous Malay race.

In his carriage and the graceful swing of his walk your Burman strikes a note of dignity, and in his delicate features and unexcitable manner



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**"BY THE OLD MOULMEIN PAGODA  
LOOKIN' EASTWARD—"**

Not, as the poem has it, "to the sea" but to  
the rambling Salwin River

he exhibits the hall marks of a sensitive and heritaged people. How handsome they are, the bright-eyed, trim, self-assured women especially, even when standing behind an eight-inch cabbage cigar. It is not alone in high cheekbone that the Burmese reveal kinship with the Orientals; by that smile one would guess it. The law of the Chino-Japanese is "an eye for an eye and a smile for a smile." They meet your level-eyed, we-are-equal gaze with one of similar value in return.

"Silk-clad lovers," lovers of silk, the Burmans are too. The outside world hears little of Burma silks and sees less of them. For the demand is too great at home. They are of a sort by themselves.



Burma does not "raise" the silk but gets it in raw skeins from China. Along the latter end of the Road, and up at Mandalay especially, the simple, well-worn hand looms do the rest. One cannot call them primitive looms, for the adjective implies crudity of product and clumsiness in operation, neither of which defects can be ascribed to them. They are the same all-wooden, use-polished, generations-old affairs that nearly all Asiatic peoples inherit for weaving. They stand out under the trees or at doorways along the dust-fogged, shady Mandalay streets, and they glint back kaleidoscopic patch pictures as one passes. Bright scarlets, shining canaries, greens, blues, colored in both woof and warp, sharply stand out from the nooks where the looms stand. One is reminded of the dazzling beauty that glows from out the mud-floored, mud-walled hutches of Canton, from



*Living Gallows*

**AT RANGOON STANDS THE CHIEF MONUMENT OF THE  
BUDDHIST WORLD, THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA**

Beneath the "Golden Dragon" are preserved eight hairs reputed to be from the Great Teacher's head. It is a glorious towering cone of plated and leafed gold, nearly four hundred feet from soil to summit



*By Coville, from Hsing Gullowsay*

#### "ELEPHANTS A-PILIN' TEAK"

Elephants, and motor trucks that bang and squeak.  
This scene is in the teak forests of Upper Burma

looms where silent Chinamen spin out their unmatched cerises and peacock blues, except that the Burman weaver mixes his colors riotously, and his patterns tend much toward plaid effects. And then, also, Burmese silks are produced only in narrow widths, for these silk-clad lovers are slender folk, and male and female wind them closely around the hips.

Along the Road the elephants still toil piling up teak logs in the jungles of Upper Burma. The great, patient creatures are the longshoremen of Rangoon and Prome. "Pilin' teak," clearing land, ditching and hauling, elephants hold their own with British motor trucks. A symbol of Burma, as in Burma they symbolize wisdom and cunning. Land of long-haired men, clear-skinned women, clinging silks, pagodas, elephants, you are the reason why:

*If you've 'eard the East a-callin'*

*You won't never 'eed naught else.'*



*By Coville, from Hsing Gullowsay*

#### OIL WELLS DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE MANDALAY

British oil fields near Mandalay, manned by American drillers

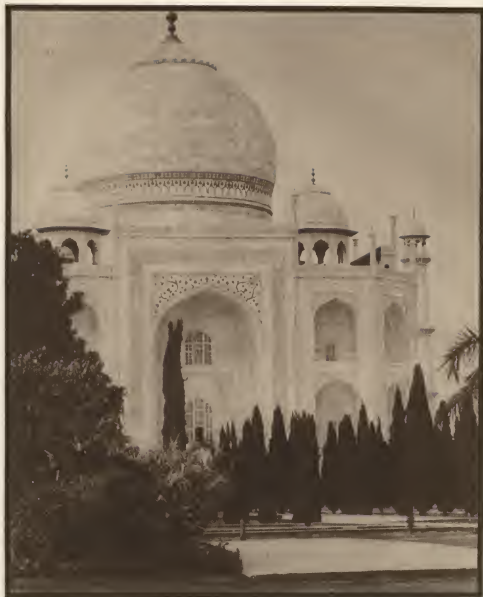


#### SHAH JEHAN'S PALACE-FORTRESS, AGRA

Agra, India, renowned for the Taj Mahal, is also the site of Shah Jehan's palace-fortress, which is well-nigh comparable to the masterpiece across the river. The emperor constructed this jewel of pearly marble and gold spire for the prostrations and prayers toward Mecca of the imperial household. The Gem Mosque is small but priceless. Here again (as at the Taj) is exemplified the saying "The Moguls built like titans and finished like jewelers." Within these fantastically beautiful walls the deposed shah spent his last days musing upon Mecca to the west, and to the east upon the ivory monument to his lost love.







#### INCOMPARABLY THE WORLD'S FAIREST STRUCTURE

From any angle, any distance, any elevation, the Taj Mahal is a stone poem. This architectural miracle, this "fragment of enchantment hewn from lustrous quarries of the moon," lends itself neither to description nor to criticism. It is an external emotion, an emotion consecrated in marble and jeweled mosaic. The tomb crowns a precipice overhanging the River Jumna. The romance of Shah Jehan and his first and last love, his beautiful Mumtaz, still sings in the literature of the land. On the following page we have evidence of the adoption of the theme by the newest art, the art of the screen



# He IMMORTALIZED his LOVE in MARBLE

*Shah Jehan so Loved His Favorite Wife Mumtaz-i-Mahal That He Recorded His Grief at Her Loss in an Exquisite Poem in Stone—the Jewel-Like Palace-Tomb in Agra, Known as the Taj Mahal*



Mumtaz, Wife of Shah Jehan



Shah Jehan, Builder of the Taj Mahal



In India They are Producing the Romance of Shah Jehan in Motion Pictures

POETRY, music, architecture, painting, sculpture, all have drawn inspiration from the Taj Mahal. Now they are putting the romance into motion picture form. The first producing done in India by Indian directors, actors and photographers elaborates against an ornate background this theme of Shah Jehan and his wife Mumtaz, whose "little name" was Taj-Bibi.

Mumtaz, lady of destiny, was born in 1592, a princess of the ruling royal house. As a child she was noted for her extraordinary beauty. Because of her royal connections she was selected as the betrothed of the elder prince of the realm. At twenty she was married to Emperor Jehan. He, only a year her elder, already had had one wife. But after Mumtaz, Shah Jehan never took another. In her he found a soul mate, a true love.

At once he bestowed on the empress the title by which ever after she was known, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "the favorite of the palace." Quite contrary to precedent she accompanied her royal lord on all his campaigns and travels of state and pleasure. Fourteen children she bore to Jehan, eight sons and six daughters. Children strengthened their affection for each other. Official councilors found themselves displaced by a woman; saw their words subordinated to advice and suggestions eagerly sought by the monarch from

the wife of his heart.

It was during his campaign in eastern India against the Hindu king Lodi that Mumtaz gave birth to her fourteenth child, and died in a tent in the camp. No sooner had he ended his campaign in victory—as duty demanded—than Jehan began plans for the erection of a fitting tomb to his devoted companion. Ustad Isa, an

architect of northern India, was chosen. Many artists in many crafts added their mites.

For seventeen years twenty thousand workers labored on the Taj Mahal. No sooner was the mausoleum near completion than the emperor had plans drawn for a lavish tomb of his own. A bridge was to be thrown across the Jumna River, on whose right bank the Taj stands, to connect with the projected tomb. The announcement of this extravagance threw the emperor's dominion into revolt. Jehan, deposed, and imprisoned in his palace, used to gaze long on the fairylike creation his grief had brought into being. Then, one day, he too died.

Beneath the mighty soaring dome of the Taj Mahal stands the symbolic casket of state, inlaid with precious stones and carved like a jewel box. Over it burns an eternal flame. Far below, under the pavement, rest side by side Jehan's sarcophagus and the casket that holds the beloved body of his Lady of the Palace.

# An AUTHOR you should know-and WHY

By GRANT OVERTON

*A Man  
Who Really  
Knows India*



E. M. FORSTER

Author of "A Passage to India"

SCARCELY anything is known about E. M. Forster beyond the facts that E. M. stands for Edward Morgan; that he was born in 1879 and educated at Cambridge; that he is a novelist admired by other novelists for his craftsmanship; and that by the evidence of his books he has traveled a good deal abroad. And, of course, his most notable novel—perhaps his finest—shows a knowledge of India such as no writer has evidenced since Kipling.

It is not, however, Kipling's India. It is the India of 1926, in a sense the India of Mahatma Ghandi. At any rate, the India of subtle but sharp racial distinctions, social gulfs, governmental castes and long-drawn-out, unyielding, peaceful oppositions and resistances of race to race, creed to creed.

There are three principal Indias: the Hindus, who were there first and are still most numerous; the Mohammedans, their conquerors and rulers until the English came; and the English rulers of to-day. And all three are shown in close contact in "A Passage to India."

Instead of an artificial or melodramatic action, E. M. Forster builds his whole book around a single experience that befalls an Englishwoman who has come out to India to marry a

young English official. She goes on an excursion to see the Malabar caves. Afterward she insists that a Mohammedan, a young and well-educated physician, insulted her. His public trial is to be an occasion for teaching the subject peoples their place; but at the crisis of the trial the Englishwoman retracts her story and the whole affair has to be hushed up as much as possible. The English are mortified and their prestige is lowered; the Mohammedans and even the Hindus take to themselves a corresponding self-importance.

Not much of a story, yet every page is absorbing because of Forster's amazing insight into the minds and hearts of all three races; because he shows the possibilities of friendships between individuals of different races and creeds and where the barriers fall that cut off friend from friend. If you would know what India is like to-day, if you are interested in looking into the seeds of destiny that are being sown in that strange soil, read "A Passage to India."

And if you would know the work of a novelist of skill and distinction read not only that book but also such other novels of Forster's as "Howard's End," "A Room with a View" and "Where Angels Fear to Tread."

# The LAST PEACE PIPE

By DONALD CADZOW

IN THE summer of 1925 the last peace pipe of the western Indians came into the possession of a New York collector. No more will the sacred calumet be employed as a passport by tribal emissaries; no more will it be featured in ceremonies to conciliate hostile nations and conclude peace. The great pipe of the Crees was found in the Touchwood Hills, in the keeping of an old Indian woman named Makestukwam, widow of Atos, who had been its official custodian and who was but recently deceased. Arrangements had been made by the old lady to return it to the Great Spirit, Manito, and the powers who instigated its creation. The pipestem was to be carried far into the bush and left on the ground to decay. But first the legatee had to obtain permission from four old men of a certain society to make the disposal. It was while the widow of Atos was traveling from one reserve to another in an effort to obtain this permission that the writer heard of the proposed destruction of the calumet. Makestukwam was finally found and persuaded to place the precious "pipestem of peace" in the custody of the Museum of the American Indian, New York.

When I first saw the calumet it was hanging on a tripod behind the old Indian's tent, and was carefully wrapped in cloth and buckskin.

Every morning, as far back as the oldest man in the Cree tribe could remember, this bundle had been placed with an invocation on a tripod in the rear of its custodian's tepee, with the mouthpiece toward the rising sun. At noon it was turned half-way around; in summer the mouthpiece was toward the north; in winter toward the south. As the sun dropped below the horizon it was removed to the tepee, and under no circumstances was it ever allowed to touch the ground.

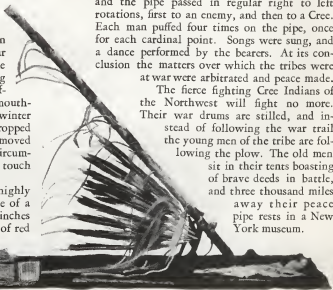
The wooden stem of this highly revered ceremonial pipe is made of a green ash sprout about forty inches long. Attached to it are tufts of red

horsehair, and the heads of six Northern woodpeckers, with the beaks turned back upon the red crest. This is to symbolize the holding down of anger, for the red crest of this bird by nature rises when it is angry. When the tribe went to war the sinew was cut and the crest allowed to rise. The end of the stem is covered by the neck of a loon, symbolizing the land, water and sky, where the loon is at home. Eight eagle plumes are threaded so as to form a fan.

Of all the formal rites in which the stem was used, it was that of making peace that gave the pipe its name. After negotiations with the enemy had been opened with the exchange of gifts of tobacco, the keeper and his bearers gave a feast, at which the stem and a newly made bowl were present. After the feast the keeper and his men set out carrying the bundle. When they made camp a ceremony was held, and they prayed to Manito and the four directions to bless their undertaking, touching the bundle with both hands at each supplication.

The enemies' camp was approached from the rear by the bearers, where ambassadors from the camp were met. Upon acceptance of the bundle, it was opened by the keeper. A circle of ambassadors and bearers was formed, and the pipe filled and lighted, prayers were said, and the pipe passed in regular right to left rotations, first to an enemy, and then to a Cree. Each man puffed four times on the pipe, once for each cardinal point. Songs were sung, and a dance performed by the bearers. At its conclusion the matters over which the tribes were at war were arbitrated and peace made.

The fierce fighting Cree Indians of the Northwest will fight no more. Their war drums are stilled, and instead of following the war trail the young men of the tribe are following the plow. The old men sit in their tents boasting of brave deeds in battle, and three thousand miles away their peace pipe rests in a New York museum.



# MOCCASIN LORE

THE moccasin, the aboriginal footgear of the North American Indian tribes, "is something more than a shoe; it is a token, a fetish, a symbol."

But, like the Chinese weavers of rugs, who are gradually adopting patterns gleaned from American mail-order catalogues, so the Indians, after years of contact with civilization, are adopting the white man's patterns, his flowers, crosses, rosettes and scrolls. To-day the Indians of one reservation go visiting the Indians of another reservation. They attend tribal powwows, Western roundups. All this means the breaking down of the old tribal arts and crafts and ancient symbolism.

The fur-lined moccasin of the modern Eskimo is fashioned out of buckskin or moosehide. In color it is a rich warm brown, obtained by sewing the skins up in a bag and smoking them in a smudge from decayed wood. This accounts for the smoky fragrance of the Eskimo moccasin. The top is made of brown sealskin from the hair seal and trimmed along the edge with soft fur and notched leather representing mountain peaks. The short mukluks of the Eskimo are made from reindeer hide, fluted around the toes by the Eskimo women who chew it into shape with their strong teeth. The soles of the Sioux moccasins are hard, stiff buckskin, shaped to the feet, and their tops are solidly woven with beads.

The decorative art of the old-time Indian moccasin was a combination of literature, pictorial art, symbolism and tribal superstitions. The artist, usually a woman, wrought in pigments, quills or beads, picturing the common objects of her everyday life, or paid tribute to the superstitions of her tribe, the great forces of life and death, the sun, moon and stars, the air, the wind in the trees, her individual whims and fancies. No dictator of fashion stood looking over her bronze shoulder commanding that her moccasin be thus and so.



In one of the Plains tribes over four hundred distinctly different decorative symbols were used, none of which would be duplicated or even interpreted by other tribes. With no roads, no transportation, no telegraph

By HARRIET GEITHMANN

## THREE TYPES OF INDIAN BEADED MOCCASIN

Upper and lower, Cheyenne; middle, Sioux



or telephone lines, no newspapers, no mail, there was little or no communication between tribes, hence the originality and individuality in their decorative arts. Among the nomadic Arapahoes one finds symbols of the dragonfly, the crawfish, the scorpion, the worm, the caterpillar, the centipede and the butterfly, also the bear's foot and the human eye. In the Northwest a wavy line meant shade of a tree and with other tribes living east of the Rockies it represented the snake. The art of the Sioux had nothing in common with that of the Siwash. Different symbols stood for the same things with various tribes.

The Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Ojibways and Arapahoes all belong to the Algonquian stock and yet the models and decorative features of their moccasins are all entirely different and individualistic. Each tribe created its own decorative art and symbolism. Each one of their moccasins "is a law unto itself, an individual creation of the native artist."



Moccasin materials were chiefly moosehide, buckskin, deer skin, reindeer skin, buffalo skin, and when these fabrics disappeared cowhide was substituted.

Environment and location have governed moccasin fabrics, models and decoration. The Hopi and Navaho Indians protected their feet against the bristling cacti with rawhide soles hammered with infinite patience until they rolled up at the edge. The buffalo hunters and the pure tribes of the plains, rovers all, who lived in portable tepees and lodges, produced moccasins with stout rawhide soles, while the Pawnees, who were content to "stay put" in their earth-covered lodges, wore moccasins with soft, pliable soles. Tribal moccasins in the Northern woods were soft-soled for snowshoeing, with high ankle-flaps to keep out the snow.

To-day moccasins are sold by the thousands in American shops, but most of them are factory made and beaded by Indians in various parts of the continent.

# WHO, WHAT, WHEN AND WHY

On This Page We Print Such Questions and Answers Selected From Our Daily Mail as Seem to Have a General Interest

**Question.** Is there a contemporary description of the Tower of Babel?

**Answer.** Although the Tower of Babel, at the Chaldean City of Ur, has completely disappeared, a well-authenticated clay tablet recently found gives its exact dimensions. According to this, the base of the tower was 300 x 300 feet, tapering through seven stages to the shrine at the top. It was 300 feet high. It is not known when the Tower of Babel was built, nor by whom. After the destruction of the city by Sennacherib (705-681 B. C.), king of Assyria, it was rebuilt again especially by Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar. The Tower of Babel is so named because of the confusion of tongues said to have taken place. At a time when all men still formed a single united body and possessed the same speech, they came in the course of their wanderings to this valley, and devised a plan of utilizing clay for building material and bitumen as cement. They are represented as the first city builders; however, fired with the ambition to erect a tower which should reach the heavens, thereby making it visible to all parts of the world so that they might never more be dispersed over the face of the earth, they aroused the wrath and jealousy of the gods above, who feared encroachment upon their own domain. The latter, in retaliation, decided to "confound the speech of all, so that no man shall understand the language that his neighbor speaks." This they did, with the result that men ceased to build the city, and were again scattered over the face of the earth.



AVIGNON—View from the terrace of the Popes' palace, looking on the Rhone

**Question.** Is it true that the seat of the Popes has not always been established at Rome?

**Answer.** The city of Avignon, in the south of France, was the seat of the papal court from 1309, when Clement V, who was of French birth, took up his residence there, until 1376, when Gregory XI made Rome once more the papal metropolis. In the turbulent period following the death of Gregory XI, the antipopes, Clement VII and Benedict XIII, lived also at Avignon. Rome had been the papal seat for thirteen centuries preceding the removal to Avignon.

**Question.** What is "chamber music"?

**Answer.** Chamber music is that form of music heard to better advantage in a small room or chamber, rather than in a large concert-room, church or theater. The term originally included vocal as well as instrumental pieces

for solo or concerted performance. In modern usage the term is restricted to music for strings or combinations of strings with piano.

**Question.** Where is the "Street called Straight?"

**Answer.** The Street called Straight is an ancient street in Damascus, Syria. It begins at one of the gates of the city and extends about a mile, formerly in a straight direction, but now taking a winding way. While originally a broad promenade, it is now in places little more than a narrow lane. The street is closely associated with the history of St. Paul, and the house in which he lodged is still pointed out as a landmark.

**Question.** To what does the word "werewolf" refer?

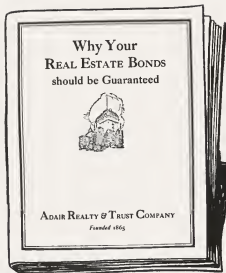
**Answer.** According to medieval superstition, a werewolf was a human being who voluntarily became a wolf, and in that form indulged in cannibalism. Those who thus took the form of a wolf were believed to resume the shape of men at will, while those who underwent this transformation involuntarily were the victims of malignant enchantment.

**Question.** What is the meaning of "Rubaiyat" in the title "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam?"

**Answer.** The word "rubai" is Arabic, meaning "four," and is applied to stanzas of four lines. "Rubaiyat" is the plural of "rubai." All of Omar's poetry was written as separate quatrains, or stanzas of four lines. The form is Persian in origin, and came into vogue shortly before Omar's time.

**Question.** What was the first newspaper in the United States, and when did it appear?

**Answer.** The first purveyor of news in New England, which is to say on the continent, was Benjamin Harris, an eccentric Englishman. He advertised to furnish the country once a month with a report of important events. On September 25, 1690, "Publick Occurrences" was issued from a Boston coffee house of which Harris was proprietor. However, it survived but one edition. On April 24, 1704, the "News Letter" appeared, and was published for fifteen years. This was brought out by John Campbell, a postmaster of Boston. At the height of its career the "News Letter" had a circulation of 300 copies. The oldest New York newspaper now published under its original name is the "Evening Post," founded over a century ago by Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. From 1828 to 1878 William Cullen Bryant was editor in chief.



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## FOR THE GUMS



## Dickens as a Public Reader

By One Who Heard Him  
in Boston in 1868

**T**HE largest hall of Boston was crowded; the hush was as though for a religious moment; there was no light save that which fell upon his lectern, and in all that vast assemblage there was but one active thought—Dickens!

"He stepped slowly out of the background as an apparition from another world, and was acclaimed with unending applause. He waited impassively until the turbulent waves of personal greeting had subsided; and then, in tones of richest vibration, uttered the well-known opening words of his Christmas Carol: 'Marley was dead to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner,' etc, etc. And so on to the end of the reading. This mighty mentality made into his own image everyone within sound of his voice, for Dickens was dramatically strung. I have heard the greatest Shakespearian interpreters of my time—Rossi and Salvini, Irving and Forbes-Robertson, Booth and McCullough; I have heard Gladstone in the House, and Beecher in the pulpit, and Sumner in the Senate, and verily Dickens was one of that family. He had every modulation of tone, from the softest for Tiny Tim to the most fierce and tragical for the sordid Scrooge. We could see nothing of the reader save an edge of his short beard, and occasionally some of his fingers. But what fingers! Was it Cuvier who could reconstruct any feature from one or two bones? The drama of Scrooge and Marley's ghost became real to me in the mere fingering of Dickens.

"Was it unconscious, or subconscious, or instinct, or most studied of theatrical effects? In the twisting of those hands one divined the facial if not moral crookedness of the miserly money lender. And then, those powerful pauses—in the midst of bated breaths—they were as the poised aloft of an ax before a crucial blow. What a master of silence! Had he not been so great as a writer, surely as an actor he would have ranked among the first.

"Dickens was a genius if ever that much-misused word has meaning; and his genius radiated in pleasant ways. He was an incomparable master of the revels in any social gathering where he felt at home. Like Mark Twain, he was an inexhaustible source of good stories, games and general good cheer. . . . Who but a genius could have written so many unsavory truths about America as he did in 1837, and then have returned after thirty years to the same people and been received with such warmth as we accord only to those whom we love."  
—Poultray Bigelow in his *Memoirs of Seventy Summers*.



## When Making a Light Was No Light Matter

THE switch that turns on an electric light is the modern equivalent of a humdrum and troublesome task that once devolved upon our forefathers or foremothers. In the days popularly referred to as "good old" and "golden" every household had a favorite recipe for overcoming darkness. Before the cotton wick was thought of, the fibrous core of swamp plants was nature's contribution to the community lighting system. Like everything else that nature gives, such wicks were free for the taking, but the gathering of them entailed the work of many hands—hands of women and children.

The season for cutting the rushes was midsummer or early fall, for at that time the plants stood soft, thick and tall along river banks and in boggy pastures. The business of making rush lights began in the meadow, but several tedious processes had to be carried out before the homemade candle was a thing complete. Housewives prided themselves on their stripping, drying, dipping.

The thin long stalks were first soaked in water to make peeling easy, then expertly divested of their rind down, but not too far down, to the pith. Not quite all of the green skin was removed. A narrow width was left to give the flimsy core body and insure its standing upright. Gilbert White, in his delightful "History of Selborne," remarks: "At first a person would find it no easy matter to divest a rush of its peel, or rind, so as to leave one regular, narrow, even rib from top to bottom that may support the pith, but this, like other feats, soon becomes familiar even to children; and we have seen an old woman, stone blind, performing this business with great dispatch. When these *junci* are thus prepared they must lie out on the grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun. Some address," the naturalist goes on to remind us, "is required for dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease. About six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes." Three-legged iron pans, or "boats," held the melted grease in which the stems were soaked.

Beeswax or mutton fat was mixed with drippings to give a clean lasting light. A well-made rush light burned about an hour. Though rush tapers were as inexpensive as one could imagine any illuminants to be, poor families used to economize on their lighting bill by going early to bed. Slow-burning tallow-coated "watch lights" were made by leaving two ribs of the rind on the pith. The extra rib held back the progress of the flame.

Cotton wicks took the place of rushes, and another advance was the shaping of a number of candles at once in iron molds. Candles are fashionable again, but rush lights, we venture to predict, will come no more.



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## A Few Oddities in Words

It happened by a whimsical coincidence that, in 1671, the cabinet consisted of five persons the initial letters of whose names made up the word "cabal"—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale. These ministers were therefore emphatically called the cabal; and they soon made that appellation so infamous that it has never since their time been used except as a term of reproach." So Macaulay wrote in his History of England, accounting for the present invidious application of the word "cabal," although not for its origin. For "cabal" existed and was used long before it came to be applied to this ministry, coming, indeed, from the Hebrew of the Old Testament, where its mystical interpretation gave to it its reference to secret intrigue and mystery. In this case it is not the word's origin that is interesting so much as that coincidence in its history which so emphasized its invidious meaning.

In a somewhat similar way the name "Tammany" has an unfavorable significance nowadays. Tammany was a friendly Indian chief of the Delaware tribe, his name being an Anglicized form of Tamanend. Since this was the chief with whom William Penn negotiated for grants of land at about the end of the seventeenth century, he came to be regarded as the "tutelar saint" of Pennsylvania, and his name was corrupted into St. Tammany or King Tammany. He gave his name to Tammany Hall, in New York, when a charitable and social organization made its headquarters there (although this society was first a "Columbian" order, taking Christopher Columbus as its "patron saint," it finally changed its patron to Tammany). In time the society became political, and so it has remained to this day.

We of the present think of "miniature" as something small, particularly a small portrait. But this word is the same, virtually, as the more uncommon "miniare," which means "of a red color," and "minium," which is the name of a red mineral. Tracing the word "miniature" back we find that it means not a small portrait but a "red portrait" from an Italian word, which comes from the Latin *miniare*, meaning to "rubricate" or to paint in minium, red lead. (The Latin name for red lead probably was of Spanish or Iberian origin.) The name "miniature" was first applied to the ornamental capitals which decorated old manuscripts.

Later the word took on the connotation of "small"—just how is uncertain, but it may have been through some association with the Latin *minus*, *minutus*, which means small, or less. So, from meaning a red portrait, and then from being the name of ornamental letters, "miniature" has come to be applied to small pictures and portraits in general.

The word "gas" came into particular prominence during the war, particularly as a verb. Ernest Weekley observes: "The success of this artificial word is unique." For the word is a pure coinage of Van Helmont, a Belgian chemist (1577-1644), who made it up for the name of some vapors he was working with.

He also invented another word "blas" at the same time, but this has been forgotten. The origin of gas was thus in the mind of Van Helmont, and, although it is suspected that he may have been influenced by "chaos," this is by no means certain. It is something of an achievement to have invented a word outright, and to have had that word ultimately accepted in the capacity desired.

Perhaps you have seen the little "put-or-take" tops so common recently, especially for purposes of petty gambling. They are not new, for they used to be called "tacetotums." A tacetorum had four sides, and each side had a letter to signify the disposition of the gambling stakes should this side fall upward—"A" for *aufer*, meaning to take away; "D" for *depone*, meaning to put down; "N" for *nil*, meaning nothing; and, the most important of the four symbols, "T" for *tamen*, meaning all (that is, take all). The top thus took its name, "tee-totum," from the most coveted side upon it and stands merely for "T for Totum."

It is an easy transition from "tacetotum" to "tacetotaler," for the latter word may have been influenced by the form of "tacetotum." "Tacetotaler" has "total" for its basic element, and was expanded to "tacetotal" by a "playful elaboration"—that is, by repeating the initial letter for emphasis. The original phrase, in an anti-alcoholic sense, was "total abstainer," and this was given the nickname of "tacetotaler" by one Preston, an agitator for the temperance of working men, in 1833, when he spoke of "tee-tee-total" abstinence from intoxicating beverages. Of course, the expression was probably colloquial before he so used it, but he may be said to have established its significance permanently.

A "mascot" is a lucky companion, chiefly because of Audran's operetta of 1880, "La Mascotte," which popularized the word. The French *mascotte* is a diminutive of a Provençal word, *maïss*, meaning "sorcerer." Just the opposite of a mascot is a "hoodoo" or a "Jonah." "Hoodoo" is merely a variant of "voodoo," which is the name of West Indian witchcraft, or devil worship, coming apparently from an African word, specifically from Dahomey. The origin of the name Jonah, as a bringer of bad luck, is Biblical of course. In the Hebrew, quite aside from the opprobrious sense we now feel in the word, the name carried a fundamental meaning of "dove."

## All Fools' Day Centuries Old

SWIFT, in his journal to Stella, entered, under date of March 31, 1713, that he, Dr. Arbuthnot and Lady Masham had been amusing themselves that evening by contriving "a lie for to-morrow." A man named Noble had been hanged a few days before. The "lie" concocted by these three was that Noble had come to life again in the hands of friends, but was held once more by the sheriff, and now lay at the Black Swan in Holborn, in the custody of a messenger. "We are all," says Swift, "to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread." On the following day, April 1st, the learned Dean sent his servant to several homes to inquire among the footmen, not letting his own man into the secret. But nothing could be heard of the resuscitation of Noble; whence he concluded that "his colleagues did not contribute" as they ought to have done. One April fool joke that failed!

The first day of April, All Fools' Day, has long been in America and most European countries a day that enjoys a character all its own, in that it is consecrated to impositions upon unsuspecting persons. While the date is well remembered, yet the origin of the custom cannot be traced with any degree of certainty. In the literature of the past century there are many references to it, and yet beyond that it is scarcely possible to go.

However, one fact does remain, and that is that the practice of April fooling prevails in many countries, under a variety of names, which would seem to indicate that it goes way back to the early history of the human race. In England and the United States one thus imposed upon is called an "April fool;" in France, *un poisson d'Avril* (an April fish); in Scotland, "gowk" (cuckoo), the "cuckoo" being there, as in most other lands, a term of contempt.

Though the first day of April appears to have been anciently observed in Great Britain as a festival, it was apparently not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the making of April fools was a common custom.

April fooling is an immemorial custom in India. The Hindus practiced precisely similar pranks on March 31st, when they held what is known as the Huli festival. There is an old tradition among the Jews that the custom of making fools on the first day of April arose from the fact that Noah sent out the dove on the first day of the month corresponding with our April, before the water had abated. To perpetuate the memory of the great deliverance of Noah and his family it was customary on that anniversary to punish persons who had forgotten the remarkable circumstances connected with the date by sending them on some fruitless errand similar to that on which the patriarch sent the luckless bird from the ark.

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# Answers by Dr. Cadman

**EDITORIAL:** By courtesy of the "New York Herald-Tribune" The Mentor will print from time to time replies by Dr. Cadman to such questions as seem to have a special interest for Mentor readers

**IS THERE** any substantial ground for the assertion that Paris is the wickedest city in the world?

No. Such a wholesale indictment is as untrue of Paris as it would be of a nation.

Edmund Burke remarked that you could not indict a nation; neither can a city like Paris be similarly condemned any more than New York or London.

Midnight prowlings in the underworld of a metropolitan capital afford no sufficient or trustworthy basis for a correct judgment upon it as a whole.

The domestic life of the French people exists in another realm than that of Montmartre, or even of the boulevards.

The cultural life of Paris has enriched the Latin race for a thousand years. From the Hill of St. Genevieve light has gone out to the ends of the earth. The teachers of the Sorbonne, from Abelard to the present time, have been benefactors of civilization.

One usually finds in a city what he seeks there. He can live in the sweetness and light of its humanities or plunge into the darkness of its steves.

*What is your understanding of the word "blessed"? You have said that "not the happy but the blessed people need have no anxiety for to-morrow."*

Happiness is a temporary state; blessedness is God's gift to the soul. One is human, the other is divine.

Happiness may be like the box of candy which is so often followed by a toothache or a headache. But blessedness may go hand in hand with pain or privation.

It is like the rapture of the martyr or the joy of the mother who has brought into the world her first-born.

*What benefits would result in our public education if the school teachers should give the children fifteen minutes' daily instruction in character building?*

That would be a good thing to do. But the building of child character is the unescapable obligation and sacred privilege of parents.

Teachers, priests, pastors and rabbis can aid the process very materially.

Yet they understand that no instruction, however skillful in technique, can take the place of that for which the home should be the living center.

*Someone has said that 80 per cent of all men and women who have reached the age of sixty-five are "down and out."*  
*What have you to say about this?*

This generalization is utterly misleading. Countless numbers of men and women who have reached the age designated are up and doing daily.

"You will find quite a large minority of them in the foremost ranks of church and state, manufacture and trade, banking and the railroad industry."

The majority of these genial oldsters may be "down and out" so far as their chances of becoming wealthy or famous are concerned, but, what is far more important, many of them have reared honorable sons and daughters. Though they may have to look at their nickels through a magnifying glass to make them appear like dollars, nevertheless their riches are of a superior kind.

All we really get out of life's material side is board, lodging and clothes, and a little real estate when our work is done.

Blessed are those "down-and-outers" who have invested themselves in posterity, whose grandchildren climb over their knees at eventide and who leave behind them living monuments of the great game of life well played to the finish.

*Is the relation between English-speaking parents and children as at best a level now as it was in Victorian days?*

If not, why not, and what can be done to raise it?

The relation between parents and children has in an alarmingly great number of instances deteriorated during recent years.

In Victorian days the English-speaking parent usually fulfilled his or her responsibilities for the child's moral education.

To-day many parents either fail to realize these responsibilities or approach them timidly and with misconception.

Twenty years ago the Bible was read daily by parents, and the masters of fiction and of poetry were studied nightly in countless homes throughout English-speaking lands.

To-day far too many parents and children spend their time "listening in" to free advice from outsiders on morals and manners or in reading superficial and profane literature.

One main reason for this change is the parental idea that John and Mary must have a good time, which generally means that John and Mary are booked for a very bad time in later life.

Three things are supremely important in every child's training:

First, it must be taught to choose rightly between the true and the false.

Second, to share and give pleasure rather than to monopolize it.

And third, to do daily the things it does not care to do but the doing of which best serves its future and that of the community.

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## Pirating Shakespeare and Others

LATTER-DAY developments, including radio, devices for reproducing music and the great prices often paid for the works of contemporary painters, have led to recent demands for changes in the copyright laws of the United States and other nations. The copyright laws as we have them today are the growth of centuries.

Once an author was considered to have perpetual copyright under the common law, to the extent that his property in his works was regarded as any other property right. This did not prevent such practices as the pirating of Shakespeare's plays, for publication, by having a shorthand reporter take them down during a performance. The same practice was maintained scarcely more than twenty years ago, however, when theatrical pirates were still a problem. There were at that time agencies in Chicago or elsewhere which would provide traveling producers with contraband copies of almost any play for a fee much smaller than the royalties which the author could legally claim. If a play was not in stock it could be secured by shorthand if it were being presented somewhere. A concerted fight was necessary to stamp out this ancient form of literary piracy.

The big prices now paid for pictures has led to the proposal abroad that painters retain a life interest in their works, even after selling them, and be entitled to a proportion of the price paid on each resale.

To prevent the making of fake copies it has also been suggested that painters sign with their fingerprints.

The rise of radio broadcasting brought up copyright questions in music unforeseen when the English copyright law was adopted in 1814, giving an author his right for life and for twenty-eight years. The period was extended in 1842.

The first copyright decree was made in 1556 by the Star Chamber, and by 1585 books were issued under license. An ordinance of 1649 forbade publication without the owner's consent. In 1709, under Queen Anne, the author was given protection for fourteen years, and for his life if he lived longer than that. The period was doubled in 1814, but in 1774 an unsuccessful effort had been made to give the author a perpetual interest. The term in the United States is twenty-eight years, with a renewal of another twenty-eight years.

The American author of to-day must send two copies of his work to the Library of Congress. Through such provision great libraries have been built up; in the same way, through the deposit of moving picture films, future generations will (if they wish) be able to look into our street scenes of to-day and see our news reels as well as our spectacle films. And they can listen to our jazz too.

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## A Sidelight on "Mr. Lo"

**W**E FREQUENTLY hear the American Indians called "The Vanishing Race." Are the Red Nations vanishing as a power for good in the progress of civilization, or are they marching along, contributing their share? I think they are beginning to do their share—and nobly.

We Americans of the white race are getting more knowledge of our red friends. As a nation we are beginning to see how we have misunderstood them.

For the Indian has had spokesmen. Chief Standing Bear, of the Ponca Sioux, toured the country in '79-'80 and enlisted sympathy. Sara, daughter of Chief Winnenurca of the Pawnee, also visited the East in '80-'81-'82 and stirred up some results. Helen Hunt Jackson in her "Century of Dishonor" covered the ground thoroughly. Since then hundreds of apostles have presented the Indian side, but the popular misconception lingered. For fifteen years after I came East from the Indian country, I told the true side of the question. It was all true, terribly true.

We were too saturated with the pictures of the whisky-bottle Indian fiend, made popular by those who profited by his undoing and who fattened on his degradation. *This Indian was our handiwork.*

I feel we need pictures of the unselfish, resourceful, kindly, noble Indian who, as even history tells us, welcomed the white men gladly. He was friendly until the white men betrayed him.

I respect the Indian of to-day, who proves himself or herself a worthy competitor in the contests of ability in our modern civilization. The real Indians are reappearing not vanishing. They are doing finely, some of them.

There is Arthur C. Parker (Gasasowanch), who has been state archaeologist of New York, or, in his tribe's reckoning, War Chief Clan of the Bear, Seneca Nation.

Francis La Flesche, a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; member of the American Anthropological Association and of the Anthropological Society of Washington; an ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institute.

One of his sisters was also an ethnologist and writer. Another sister was a successful doctor. The father of these

three was Estamaza, head chief of the Omaha Sioux.

Most Boy Scouts are familiar with Dr. Charles Eastman's (Ojibegsa) "Indian Boyhood." He is an author whose works have been translated into many languages. He is a lecturer and publicist.

His brother is a college-bred Presbyterian clergyman, his daughter a singer of promise. Their father, Many Lightnings, was a leader of the Santee Sioux after the Minnesota Massacre.

Oskewonton (Running Deer), a Mohawk, is a concert singer who is making good. His songs are on phonograph records. His father was a woods Indian.

White Deer (a dancer) made a success with New York audiences. Watahwasso, a singer, has toured Europe and America giving Indian concerts. Her songs are also on the phonograph records. Her father was chief of the Penobscot Indians. John Koon (Red Cloud) is an expert performer on the saxophone and has been a valued member of Sousa's Band. His father was a Sioux Indian.

Tsianina, a Creek-Cherokee Indian girl, has made good in many capacities. She sang for the A. E. F. in France and organized an Indian Entertainment Unit. She has toured America singing in concerts, with Cadman the composer.

Last but not least is Rev. Sherman Coolidge, a full-blood Arapahoe, taken prisoner as a boy by an army officer. He is a leading spirit in all things that lend themselves to the advancement of the Indian.

He is president of the American Indian Fibre Company.

In athletics there have been such red men as Longboat, Soxalexis, Tewamini, Bender, Long Lance—and Jim Thorpe, the greatest all-round athlete in the Olympic games in 1911. Long Lance is a well-known Canadian journalist and is now writing a history of the Indians of the Northwest.

Indians have served as lawyers, judges, representatives, senators, teachers, presidents of railroads, business men. Into whatever profession or business they are entering they are proving their ability and industry. It may truly be said of many an Indian of today that he is a coming man rather than a vanishing one.

Remington Schayler.

## Bread Mold

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**T**HE mold you see on unharmed cheese and deferred bread: did you know it was a flower you look at? We scarcely can notice the mold plant until it blossoms. Under the microscope then we see as rich a display as a bouquet of orchids might furnish, if they were done in black and white instead of color. The plant proper takes root and spreads

a mass of fine filaments deep into its soil, before it is ready to send flowering stalks toward the light and air. The seeds, invisible pollen, are shed dustlike into the atmosphere, so numberless that you cannot expose a disk of warm gelatine anywhere for one minute without a dozen spores take root and sprout on this super-Lilliputian garden plot.



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# Who's Who in This Mentor

Brief Sketches of Our Contributors

**THOMAS F. LEE**, who writes in this issue of "The Mexico of To-day," entered Mexico as an engineer over twenty-one years ago. He helped build the pretentious system of port works made possible by Porfirio Diaz. More by accident than design, he sold a large tract of west-coast land to a group of Northern capitalists, which started him on a most interesting career of Latin American study and investigation. By leaps and bounds he has widened this field and is regarded at the present time as one of the foremost Spanish-American authorities. In the capacity of consulting expert on Latin American economics and politics, he has acted as adviser to many of the banking groups making government loans in those republics, and also as counselor for certain of the southern governments. During this period he has written steadily for magazines and newspapers. For twenty years amateur photography has been his hobby; and his collection of Latin American pictures is perhaps the finest in existence. Mr. Lee's articles on Central America and Venezuela—interesting and full of information—have already appeared in The Mentor. Mr. Lee will follow his Venezuela and Mexico articles with others on Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay and Brazil, writing of the economic, political and natural conditions in these countries. They will appear in subsequent issues of The Mentor.

**Harry W. Laidler, Ph. D.**, who knows so well Diego Rivera, the Mexican artist, and writes of the "Socialist Painter" in this number, is Executive Director of the League for Industrial Democracy and also a director of the Nation Bureau of Economic Research. He is an author and lecturer too!

**Theresa O. Deming**, who writes "A Lifelong Painter of Indians," in this April Mentor, is the wife of Edwin Willard Deming, the painter and subject of the story. Mrs. Deming was born in Germany while her mother was traveling there. She is the daughter of General Henry and Kathryn Behm (Eickemeyer) Osterheld and a graduate of Halsted Seminary, Yonkers, New York. Mrs. Deming has traveled widely among Indian tribes and was adopted by Blackfoot and Pueblo Indians. She is the author of "Indian Child Life," "Indian Pictures," "Red Folk and Wild Folk" and "American Animal Life."

**Ralph Van Deman Magoffin**, who writes of "Mounds and Mound Builders" in this issue, is a professor in New York University, New York City. Prof. Magoffin was born in Rice County, Kansas, August 8, 1874, and studied at

the University of Michigan, Johns Hopkins University and at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. He is the author of "The History and Topography of Prezeste," "The Quinquennals" and joint author of "A Handbook of Economic Agencies of the War" and "An American Guide Book to France and its Battlefields." He is also translator of several works. Professor Magoffin served as a private with the Thirty-first Michigan Volunteer Infantry during the Spanish-American War. He is a graduate of the first course, Division Staff Officers Army College, Washington, D. C., and served as captain, major and lieutenant colonel in the Quartermaster Reserve Corps and General Staff, Camp Devins, Massachusetts, and Camp Wheeler, Georgia, during the World War.

Regarding Raymond Fuller, who takes us on a personally conducted tour along the famous "Road to Mandalay," we cannot give better information than he does himself in the following paragraph: "As I recall, I read the poem 'On the Road to Mandalay' when I was twelve. At once I packed up and started along that road. When reaching there (first time) twenty years later, after stopovers at Schoolton, Collegeville and Main Street, I discovered that I had accumulated two children and a wife, a wanderlust that even the Injin Ocean couldn't quench, 81,679 words in clippings bearing my name, a trunkful of unsalable manuscripts and had survived two severe attacks of circumscription, which, however, did not leave me immune. Am still susceptible to this dread disease, which has left its marks on me, despite repeated inoculations of common sense. Though several ancestors traveled on the Mayflower, I never inherited *mal-de-mor*, and my dearest ambition is to write for the theater."

Grant Overton, the writer of these choice articles about authors in the series "An Author You Should Know—and Why," does not look the bookish person that he is. He is the author of several novels, but his first books were about authors, "The Women Who Make Our Novels" and "Why Authors Go Wrong and Other Explanations." His later books about authors, "When Winter Comes to Main Street," "American Nights Entertainment" and "Gargoyles for Crusoes," have had a total circulation of about 180,000 copies. Something over a year ago Mr. Overton left a book-publishing house to become fiction editor of "Collier's." Mr. Overton's articles about popular authors will appear in subsequent numbers of The Mentor. Next month he will discuss Christopher Morley, author of "Where the Blue Begins" and "Thunder on the Left."



## The "Gentle" Critic of the Past

Contemporary Opinion on the  
Work of Literary Masters

LITERARY members of the rising generation who spirits are frequently dampened when they read what the critics have to say of their work may take comfort from the realization that 'twas ever thus. Shakespeare, Keats, Dickens, Hazlitt, Shelley, Tennyson, Brontë, these and others were given short shrift by their reviewers.

Thus the London "Quarterly Review" in speaking of "Pickwick Papers" soon after their appearance in 1837: "We are inclined to predict of works of this style that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by early oblivion. Mr. Dickens has risen like a rocket and he will come down like a broken stick." Four thousand dollars was paid for a first edition of "Pickwick" in a sale held in New York in February, 1926.

It was the same publication that attacked Hazlitt in this fashion: "We should not have condescended to notice the senseless and wicked sophistry of this writer or to point it out to the contempt of the reader had we not considered him one of the representatives of a class of men by whom literature is more than at any former period disgraced."

One of Keats' reviewers branded "Endymion" as "gratuitous nonsense," and advised the young poet to go back to his medical studies.

When "Jane Eyre" first appeared with Charlotte Brontë's authorship disguised under the name of Currer Bell, there was much speculation as to the identity of the writer. The "Edinburgh Review" said: "Whoever it may be, it is a person who, with great mental powers, combines a total ignorance of the habits of society, a great coarseness of taste and a heathenish doctrine of religion."

Robert Greene, whose name survives only because he once made very disparaging remarks about one of his contemporaries named Will Shakespeare, said in his review of the famous bard's plays: "Here is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, who supposes that he is able to bombast out a blank verse as well as the rest of you, and being an absolute *Johannes factotum* is in his own conceit the only shake-scene in the country."

Shelley's "Revolt Against Islam" provoked a London critic to remark that, "The poem has some beautiful stanzas, but they are of rare occurrence. As a whole, it is insupportably dull and laboriously obscure; the story is almost wholly devoid of interest and very meager. Mr. Shelley is a very vain man but half instructed in knowledge and less than half disciplined in reasoning powers. Like a speculator, he would be rich without capital and without delay; and, as might have been anticipated, his speculations have ended only in disappointment."

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# THE MENTOR

W. D. MOFFAT, Editor

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## The Open Letter



HE copy of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" printed on this page is a present to The Mentor from John Arden. He painted it in the state penitentiary where he is confined, and with materials supplied to him by friends.

Do you remember John Arden? We don't give his real name, for John is a "lifer." We came to know him through his reading The Mentor.

More than a year ago John Arden began to write letters to us—first asking for information; and then, growing confidential, he told us something of his story.

We became interested in him and did what we could for him in one way and another. In order to occupy himself in odd hours he had tried mathematics and mechanics, but he found that "his mind wouldn't track right," so he turned to art. One day "an artist came into the prison yard and started to do some painting." John Arden watched him work on the canvas and became so fascinated that he interested a couple of his prison associates in staking

him to an outfit of drawing and painting materials.

He sent several specimens of his work to us, and we decided they were good enough to warrant our giving him a real start, so we sent him some canvas, a supply of paints and some pictures to copy. Among these pictures was a color print of "The Blue Boy."

Just before Christmas John Arden's copy of "The Blue Boy" arrived—a canvas about three by four feet in size and painted with a judgment and taste that seemed to us remarkable in a young man who had never had a lesson in art, nor been told how to mix colors or handle paints.

John Arden tells us that this picture hung for some days in one of the halls of the prison, and that "the guards and prisoners seemed to like it." I should think they would. "The Blue Boy" must have been a very arresting object hanging on a prison

wall. Certainly this portrait of him is an extraordinary product of a state penitentiary. John Arden has our thanks for the present—and our congratulations.



GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY," COPIED BY JOHN ARDEN

W. D. Moffat  
Editor



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